Witch Winnie in Spain

Elizabeth W. Champney

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WITCH WINNIE IN SPAIN

BY

ELIZABETH (Williams) CHAMPNEY

AUTHOR OF "WITCH WINNIE," "WITCH WINNIE'S MYSTERY," "WITCH WINNIE AT VERSAILLES," "WITCH WINNIE IN HOLLAND," ETC.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS

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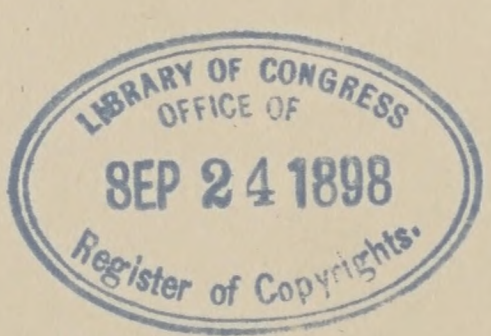

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INTRODUCTION.

THE AUTHOR cannot remember when she did not love Spain. From the time when as a little girl she was fascinated by George Borrow's romantic adventures, and from her own first introduction to the beautiful Basque Pyrenees during the Carlist war in 1875; through later wanderings over the length and breadth of that wonderful country, it has even been to her a land of enchantment and delight.

Some of her impressions, recorded in *The Century*, *Scribner's Magazine*, *The Galaxy*, *Good Company*, *Demorest's*, and other magazines, have been collected in an altered form in these pages, but the story is the close of the European wanderings of Witch Winnie and her friends, brought down to date. The great cloud of war rolled up and burst

during its writing, and our King's Daughters at its close set the Red Cross above the silver one—and loyally offer their services to their country; and not to their countrymen alone, but to suffering Cubans and Spaniards as well; ready to give the cup of cold water wherever anguish calls, praying, with Father Tolo, "Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi, dona nobis pacem."

IMPORTANT DATES.

Moors entered Spain in	711
" expelled from Spain at the Conquest of Granada	1492
Reign of Isabella the Catholic,	1474–1504
Charles V., Emperor,	1505–1558
Philip II.,	1558–1598
Philip III.,	1598–1621
Philip IV.,	1621–1665
Velasquez born 1599, died	1660
Murillo " 1616, "	1682

WITCH WINNIE IN SPAIN.

CHAPTER I.

WINNIE AND TIB ARE LOST.

"To want, and still to have not;
To seek, and still to find not;
To wait for one who comes not,
Are three things to die of."

CHEER up, Mother, here we are at last; and how glad the little girl will be to see you!"

The speaker was a hearty elderly man, and "Mother" a delicate little woman, wearied with travel, dazed and stunned by novel sights and confusing sounds, but with an expectant, eager look in her eyes, and a quiver about the refined

and sensitive mouth which told of suppressed excitement.

They had just arrived in the railroad station at Venice; and as they walked to the quay and saw (instead of the cabs and omnibuses which usually surround the railway terminus) strange gondolas swarming up to the landing, a realization of unfamiliar and incongruous surroundings came upon them with more force than at any time during their journey.

"I almost wish we had written the girls of our coming," Mrs. Smith said doubtfully; "I don't like surprises myself, and it would have been so pleasant to have them meet us here. You haven't forgotten the address, have you, Father—the Palazzo Zanelli?"

"No, Mother; and if I had I think I could tell the place from Tib's descriptions. She writes a very good letter. How natural all this seems! You needn't tell me that it is the Grand Canal: I recognized it at once. Now, Mother, look sharp; I believe we are coming to it. Here, skipper,—I mean conductor,—you are going by the place! What! that's the Vendramini Palace! Well, I picked out a *palace* anyway. I came pretty

near, if I didn't guess exactly. You don't mean to say that *all* the houses on the Grand Canal are palaces! Not those little, ordinary-looking houses: why they are no larger than chicken coops, and as out of repair as a longshore warehouse! What!—*this* the Palazzo Zanelli! Our little girl must have had on pretty powerful spectacles when she wrote about it; and Captain Snyder, too—how he used to love to brag about his daughter that married a count, and lived in a palace!"

There was a relieved expression on the little woman's face. "It looks very cozy and homelike," she said; "my old friend was the same unaffected, affectionate girl, even when she returned home on a visit, after she became the Countess Zanelli. We knew that she had met with reverses, otherwise she would not have rented her main floor to Professor and Mrs. Waite. She has been kind to Tib, and if she is not quite so prosperous as we thought, all the more reason why we should be friendly; but first I must see my girl. Oh, it is too good to be true!" And it was too good. The look of expectant joy faded out of the patient face as

Mrs. Waite (the Adelaide of the Witch Winnie coterie) explained that Winnie and Tib had left Venice for Genoa a few days previously, having suddenly changed their plans and decided to return to America.

"She was so homesick to see you both," Adelaide said, "that she could not wait to receive an answer to the letter she wrote telling you she was going. You never received it, for you had left home when it arrived. You will understand, Mrs. Smith, just why she could not wait when that longing to have her mother's arms around her came upon her."

Yes, Mrs. Smith understood. It was this longing to clasp their child which had suddenly induced the two parents to cross the Atlantic, and which had sustained them during the long voyage. The shock of the disappointment was too great. The rose-leaf flush of excitement changed to a sudden pallor.

"There, there, little woman! Why, Mother——" for Mrs. Smith had fainted in her husband's arms.

It was only a temporary weakness. She presently revived, and, lying on the divan

in the corner of Professor Waite's studio, listened to Adelaide's explanation of the circumstances which had led to the girls' sudden leavetaking.

"I knew that Tib must be in some trouble when you said she wanted me so much," Mrs. Smith said. "Why, I knew it *before.* I felt it while it was happening, away across the ocean. It was that made me so heart-hungry for my girl. I could bear the separation as long as I knew that it was for her good, that she was well and happy, progressing in her art, gaining skill in what is to be her life-work. People would say to me, 'Don't you feel very unhappy to have your daughter so far away?' and I would reply, 'Yes; but I would be still more miserable if she could *not* be there.' Just as long as her letters were enthusiastic and ambitious, father and I lived in her joys and hopes. But when their tone changed, then we couldn't stand it another minute—and here we are."

"So, you say, it was all because this young Count Zanelli fell in love with our little girl?" asked Mr. Smith; "and his mother did not approve of the match. I don't

think we want to see her, now that we know that. I wouldn't have thought it of Captain Snyder's daughter, and your old friend, Mother. Before the captain took her off on that voyage with him, and left her over here to study music, and you and she used to go to singing-school together, she used to be glad enough to have me see her home, though that was only when *you* wouldn't let me have the privilege, Mother. She was a better singer than you, but she wasn't half so pretty. I remember, when she came home after her marriage, anyone seeing you together would have thought you were the Countess. And to think that because she has a title, and an old barracks of a palace, she should not think our daughter——"

"There, Father, never mind; but listen to what Adelaide is saying. It was not out of unkindness, it seems, that she was unwilling that her son should marry Tib."

"I don't care what was the reason. She need have no fears; I have something to say about it too——"

"Sh! Father; someone is coming in. It is the Countess Zanelli! Say nothing to her

until you have heard what Adelaide was telling me."

But Tib's father, furious at the fancied slight to his daughter and to himself, could not wait; and when the Contessa came forward, with a smile and a courteous greeting, he disregarded her extended hand, and asked abruptly:

"Maria Snyder, is it true that your son wished to marry my daughter?"

"It is an honor to which he still aspires, Mr. Smith."

It seemed to the angry man that the Countess was speaking sarcastically, and he poured forth such an indignant and contemptuous response, to the effect that nothing could now induce him to give his consent to such a connection, that the Countess haughtily withdrew, disregarding Mrs. Smith's pleading hand upon her arm and Adelaide's supplication to be allowed to explain.

"I think I have made it plain enough," Mr. Smith remarked, with a nod of his head as the door closed behind her; "and now, Mother, that matter is *ended.* I don't want to hear of this young man again, and I

specially forbid your going to his mother and trying to smooth over what I have said. It was what I *meant*, so let it stand. What I want to know now is, whether there is any hope of overtaking the girls at Genoa before they sail."

Professor Waite brought out railroad time-tables and schedules of the sailing of the different steamers. "They hoped to take the *Aller*," he said, "but if they were too late for it, or could not secure such staterooms as they wished, they may be waiting for the *Fulda*—in which case there is a chance that you will overtake them if you take the night train."

"It seems such a pity," Adelaide protested, "for you to leave Venice without seeing something of the city; and Mrs. Smith certainly ought to rest."

Mr. Smith took out his watch. "There are six hours before we can leave. If the Professor will take me around, I can see a good deal in that time; and perhaps mother will go out with you after she has had a nap. I've made a note of several of Tib's favorite places that I would like to tell the little girl we had seen. No, Mother—you are not

to come with us, or with Mrs. Waite, until you have rested for an hour."

Mrs. Smith lay down obediently, and Adelaide flew away to order luncheon, but when she peeped in again to see if her guest was asleep the "little woman" beckoned to her and begged to hear why it was that the Countess, who seemed to like Tib, had objected to her son's attachment.

"It was because they both believed that there was insanity in the Zanelli family. Both mother and son had rested under this horrible dread for years, and when Count Angelo Zanelli felt himself drawn to your daughter, in a fine spirit of renunciation he went away to India with Dr. Van Silver. When the girls learned, in some way, that the Countess had planned his going in order to prevent the engagement, your daughter insisted on leaving for home at once. It was such a hasty, unfortunate decision, for neither Winnie's father nor you expected them to conclude their European tour so abruptly. Winnie, too, was very fond of Fortuny's paintings, and longed to see Spain, with which they had made her familiar.

"And they had scarcely gone before Count

Angelo and Dr. Van Silver returned; and in a most remarkable way the mystery in the history of the Zanellis was explained, and it was proved that there had never been a trace of insanity in the family. Then you should have seen the Countess. She was as anxious for her son to find Tib as she had been to separate them; and only yesterday the Count and Dr. Van Silver left for Genoa in the hope of overtaking the girls."

"Then we may meet them when we arrive. How unfortunate that father was so quick, and had not listened to all this before he spoke so rudely to the Countess!"

"Yes, it is a pity; but I will try to get her to see you now; and when you tell her that Mr. Smith did not understand the circumstances, she will accept an apology from him."

"Father apologize! Oh, never! He is just so set in his way. He adores Tib, and now that he has got it into his head that the Countess has been unkind to her, it will take more than a simple explanation to wipe out that impression. I will wait until he has cooled down, and will tell him just how it all came about, but he will never take back a word he has said, and I dread to think that

there is any possibility of his meeting that young man. When father gets as red in the face as he did this morning, it takes more than twenty-four hours for him to see anything normally. He'll have to sleep on it first; and there is little chance of our getting a good night's rest on the way to Genoa. No; after the peremptory way in which he ordered me not to call on the Countess, I wouldn't like to do it. Not that I recognize that he had any right to order his wife around as if she were a little bound girl or a hired man, or that he will feel that he had when he comes to himself, but it's better to humor him now. He seemed to know by intiution that the first thing I should want to do as soon as he had left the house would be to run up to Maria—I mean to the Countess—and smooth over things; and he would know the instant he set eyes on me whether I had done it. When people have been married as long as we have they know things without talking. And he will be all the more ashamed of his tantrum, and willing to listen to reason, if I don't set myself against him. Do what you can to excuse him to Maria—I mean to the Countess. She will

remember that he always was hot-tempered. She wasn't any too responsive either, just now, when she shook my hand off her arm. She will remember by and by that I put it there, for I like what you say about this young man, and hope it's going to turn out all right. If he finds that Winnie and Tib have gone to America, do you suppose he will follow them?"

"To the ends of the earth," Adelaide replied confidently.

Mrs. Smith smiled. "I like him the better for it. Father would have followed me so in the old days. He did follow me once clear to Skowhegan, when I ran away to my aunt's to get rid of him. You never saw a man so determined; and yet here he is angry with this inoffensive young man for liking Tib: for his anger isn't *only* because he thought Maria—I mean the Countess—didn't like her. He always gets into a passion if anyone admires his daughter. Now, I am rather pleased by it; and my heart warms to the young man in a motherly way, and I say to myself, 'What good taste you have!' But father—he always acts just this way, as if he wanted to *drown* them."

An hour later, when Mr. Smith bustled in, he found his wife sleeping peacefully; and, assured by that mysterious magnetism to which she had alluded that she had not left the divan during his absence, he was much placated, and after lunching amicably he took her away for a gondola trip before train time. People who only knew Mr. Smith superficially said that he was as autocratic as the Czar and as obstinate as a pig. But while this was true, he himself had no idea of it. He loved his wife and daughter, and would have been indignant if anyone had hinted that his affection was selfish or that he was tyrannous to them and narrow and opinionated in his judgment of others. His love was genuine; and, realizing that, the "little woman" had patiently endured much, with this reward, that though father made a great show of maintaining his authority,—and it was unquestioningly submitted to in all matters whatsoever,—he had been known most mysteriously to *change his opinions;* and Mrs. Smith nearly always obtained in the end the things upon which she set her heart.

CHAPTER II.

FATHER TOLO.

Whereas my fancy rather took
  The way that leads to town,
Thou didst betray me to a lingering book,
  And wrap me in a gown.
—GEORGE HERBERT.

NOT until they were well on their way to Genoa did either Winnie or Tib notice among their traveling companions a black-robed priest, whom they had seen several times in Venice. He had appeared rather mysteriously at one of Mrs. Waite's receptions, no one having invited him, but he was so urbane, such a charming story-teller and still more agreeable a listener, that he was cordially urged to come again,

and he not infrequently glided in. He was a Spanish priest, and his name was Bartolomeo; that was all they knew of him. Children called him Father Tolo, and grown people very quickly caught the infection.

Tib had been napping, and Winnie gazing abstractedly out of the car window, when, on seeing him, she exclaimed: "Why, Father Tolo, is that you? Where did you come from?"

"From Venice," he replied; "and I am going back to Spain, to my home in the Basque Pyrenees."

"But when did you enter the car? You were not here when we took our seats. You simply appeared in the same mysterious way that you always did at Venice. Let me see, when was it that we saw you last? Oh! at that reception when Don Carlos happened to be in the city and was Adelaide's guest of honor. I remember you said you had met him before, which is not strange, since you are both Spaniards; and he seemed very glad that you happened in."

"Yes," Father Tolo replied, with just the slightest emphasis, "it was a very fortunate *happen* all around."

"Indeed! Had you been wanting to see him?"

"Surely."

"Then why did you not call upon him; his residence is well known."

"Because all who frequent his society are marked men: Don Carlos is continually watched by spies. Had I called upon him, my visit would have been telegraphed to Madrid, with the information that I am concerned in a plot to overturn the present government—a calumny manifestly absurd, but inconvenient for me, and cruelly unjust to the innocent members of my parish, who are all simple mountaineers."

"But the Basque mountaineers are Don Carlos' most loyal subjects, are they not?" Winnie asked daringly.

"True, my dear young lady; but you may as well argue that because I have been in Cuba, and have friends there, I am an insurgent."

"You have been a great traveler," said Tib. "Do tell us about your experiences. We are on our way home to America now, and will have no opportunity, as we have no desire, to turn informers to the Spanish

Government. Is it true that the Cubans are oppressed by the Spaniards?"

"Yes, it is true," Father Tolo replied gloomily. "It is the shame of Spain that though she is brave she is also cruel. But not all of us. Read the history of our great Cardinal Ximenes and of Las Casas, and the early Spanish missionaries, and you will acknowledge that we have had many noble men.

"Ah! you Protestant Americans do not do us justice. You think only of the Inquisition, only of King Philip's cruelties—not of his virtues. You forget all you owe to Spain: that Columbus would never have discovered your country, that it would have remained a wilderness of savages but for Queen Isabella. What do you not owe to our long list of brilliant explorers? What to our patient and zealous missionaries? Do you realize that the Franciscan Fathers had converted the Indians of New Mexico to Christianity before your first settlement in New England?"

"No," Winnie replied frankly; "I have always supposed vaguely that American Christianity and civilization began with the Pilgrims."

Father Tolo laughed softly. "What different standpoints we have!" he said. "Now, I have often thought what a beautiful thing it would have been for American civilization, if, instead of the Pilgrims landing on Plymouth Rock—Plymouth Rock could only have landed on them!"

The girls laughed, for there was no malice in the old man's sally; and Tib asked him what was his especial grudge against the Puritans. "Because they insisted that all the pleasant things of this world are servitors of Satan instead of making them handmaids of religion. For instance, they looked with horror on gaming; and when I was in Cuba I heard a story of an early missionary priest who had great success among the Indians in teaching them the dogmas of our holy religion by means of a pack of cards."

"What *do* you mean, Father Tolo?"

"I did not know but you might have heard the story, for though the priest was a Spaniard, it all happened in your country, or what is your country now. It was many years ago, while Miles Standish and your Puritan ancestors were killing the Indians in New England, that certain 'Friers of St.

Francis,' as the old chronicle tells, 'moved by a desire to save souls, craved license of the Vice Roy of Nueva España to go to the towns of the Indians to learn their language, to baptize them, and to preach the holy Gospel to them.' Father Acacio was one of these friars—a devoted man, whether the story which I am going to tell you is true or not. I do not vouch for it. I do not approve of his stratagem. It may be all a base fabrication, but, having had to do with very stupid catechumens, I can understand how it *might* have happened. Father Acacio, then, had been assigned the very small chapel and the very large parish of Santa Cruz, among the Pueblo Indians; but, after laboring for three years, he could count his converts on the fingers of one hand—and of these only little Candelaria, the chief's daughter, could answer a question in the catechism.

"One day, to complete his mortification, a runner brought him a letter from the Bishop of Santa Fé, saying that he was about to start on a tour of the churches, confirming postulants, catechising and baptizing converts. The Bishop would be accompanied in this tour by his excellency the Governor, who

was eager to see what progress had been made in Christianizing his Indian subjects. With this letter came a brief confidential one from the Governor.

"He wrote that the good Bishop, sainted be his name, was growing old and feeble, and was hardly competent for the place he occupied. The Governor had advised his choosing as a colleague the most successful of the missionaries in the surrounding pueblos, and it was the friendly intention of this letter to advise Father Acacio of the chances before him. The Governor hinted at the probable succession of the colleague to the bishopric, and recalled their old friendship when students at Salamanca. 'Ah! my Acacio,' he wrote, 'what rare games at cards we have had! There is no one in Santa Fé who has your skill. If I could but play with you once an evening it would give new zest to life. Display now the astuteness for which you were so remarkable as a youth, and we shall enjoy many a quiet game together when you occupy the highest clerical seat in New Spain.'

"A sunny smile crept around the corners of Padre Acacio's mouth at this reference to their student friendship. 'I was the brighter

then,' he said to himself. 'Ah! how many times I have beaten him at ombre behind the Capilla San Bartolomé! That was before I had taken orders, and those were unprofitable but blessed days. Father Acacio's hand sought the folds of his robe and brought from an inner pocket, not a breviary, but a well-thumbed pack of cards. He shuffled them in silence; and, seating himself in a shady angle under a heliotrope ten feet high, he dealt himself a good hand. Then he replaced the pack with a sigh and passed into the church, remembering, as the bell pealed out, that he had set aside this morning for instructing his people in the catechism, and had made an especially eloquent appeal to all present on Sunday, and had even sent the altar boys through the pueblo with the announcement that indulgences would be granted to those who came. The cavernous mud church was quite empty as he entered, and his heart sank within him as he was convinced that even pretty Candelaria had deserted him. There was nothing to do but wait. He sat down in the rude confessional and, to pass away the time, took out his cards again and began a game of solitaire.

"Presently the bell ceased ringing, and he heard footsteps in the organ-loft (so called though it boasted no organ)—light, skipping footsteps not to be mistaken for the halting gait of old Isidor the bell-ringer. Father Acacio had hardly time to hustle his cards into the sleeve of his gown when Candelaria was at his side.

"'Why, child, is it you who have rung the bell?' he asked. 'Where is Isidor?'

"'Where everyone else is,' replied the girl: 'at the ghost gamble.'

"'The ghost gamble! What, pray, is that?'

"'When a man dies his property is arranged in bundles; his nearest relative takes the part of the ghost, and all the others take their turn in playing against him with marked plum stones for the bundles.'

"'Is it a good game?' Father Acacio asked absentmindedly. 'How do you play it?'

"'There are eight plum stones, marked, on one side, with the heads of buffaloes, with half-moons, and with spots. You rattle them in a box and throw them: each combination counts differently, but if you have up the two moons, a buffalo's head, three plain ones, and two spots, that is best.'

"'I see,' said Father Acacio; 'it is a good game, but this people are most sadly given to gambling. They would stake their souls with Satan—and win them, too, for they are not stupid at play. If they were only half as bright in learning the catechism! Well, there is one comfort: all the other missionaries have the same material to deal with, and no one of them can have such a promising neophyte as my Candelaria. Come, my child, recite to me the Seven Deadly Sins.'

"Candelaria's fawn-like eyes assumed a look of mischievous pleading. 'If I do not miss any of my seven deadly sins,' she said, 'nor the six sins against the Holy Ghost, my five sorrowful mysteries, my four sins crying for vengeance, the three evangelical counsels, my two prayers to the Virgin Mary, and the one original sin——'

"Unconsciously, while she spoke, Father Acacio was counting on his fingers: 'Seven —six—five—four—trey—deuce—ace, that makes almost a sequence.'

"'If I say all those, good Father Acacio,' Candelaria proceeded eagerly, 'will you teach me the little game you were playing by yourself just now?'

"'What little game?' Father Acacio asked, almost angrily.

"'When I was ringing the bell in the organ loft,' Candelaria replied humbly, but with gentle insistence, 'I thought at first it was your breviary, for there were pictures of the saints. Is it not so? But I saw soon that it was a game like ours of plum stones, for you mixed them and counted them so. Ah! let me see the little pictures, good Father Acacio.' Mechanically the padre took the cards from his sleeve and spread them upon his lap, while Candelaria, kneeling, regarded them with silent admiration. They were not like the cards you use in America, but of our Spanish pattern and very ancient. The symbols, instead of hearts, spades, diamonds, and clubs, were cups, pieces of money, swords, and cudgels. Candelaria crossed herself in awe before a particularly ugly Queen of Swords. 'It is the blessed Mother of Dolors, is it not?' she asked. 'And he with the club is San Cristofero, and he with the money is Judas? And what do all the little pictures signify?'

"'The cups,' said the padre, 'and the money stand for the two theologic virtues,

Faith and Charity; the swords and clubs for the two cardinal virtues, Justice and Fortitude.'

"So far the father spoke truly, for this is the real derivation of these symbols, but when Candelaria clapped her hands in glee, and exclaimed: 'I apprehend, I see! It is a little game to teach the catechism, is it not so?' then a sudden idea—I will not say whether it was inspiration or temptation—entered into the brain of the priest, and he replied: 'Yes, Candelaria, one may learn the whole way of blessedness from these little pictures. We will call them the Joyful Mysteries; and, if you are very diligent, I will teach them to you.' An old Dominican jingle, a numerical catechism, came to his mind; and, laying the cards out in regular sequence, he had her repeat after him:

"'Dic mihi quid sit unus? Unus est verus Deus qui in cœlis regnat.'

"'Duo? Duæ sunt Moysis tabulæ.'

"'Tres? Patriarchæ tres.'

"'Quatuor? Quatuor Evangelistæ.'

"'Quinque? Quinque prudentes virgines.'

"'Sex? Sex hydræ positæ in Cana Galilææ.'

"'Septem? Septem sacramenta.'

"'Octo? Octo Beatitudines.'

"'Novem? Angelorum chori.'

"'Decem? Decem præcepta Decalogi.'

"This he combined so skillfully with the Mexican game of monte that in half an hour Candelaria was gambling expertly—the father staking his money on the five prudent virgins and Candelaria on the three patriarchs. At the close of the game Candelaria said she had never had so enjoyable a lesson, and was sure if the good padre would teach the catechism in that way, not the children alone, but the warriors, the medicine men, and the chiefs would flock to the lessons. Father Acacio's heart sang jubilate; already he viewed his triumph from afar. He retired to his cloister garden, not to gather cactus for self-flagellation, but to elaborate his 'little game.'

"A little management was necessary to prepare the catechumens for their final examination without betraying the machinery by which they had learned their lessons.

"The assistance of the cards had been so implicitly relied upon that Father Acacio found it impossible to elicit an answer without exhibiting them.

"He at last hit upon the expedient of seating the bishop and his suite in front of and facing the congregation, and of secreting Candelaria in the confessional just behind them, whence, like a Jack-in-the-box, she thrust out the card or cards suggesting the required answer in full view of the Indians but unseen by the visitors. Several rehearsals assured Father Acacio that this scheme could not fail to be successful.

"At last the great day arrived. The Bishop—a feeble, tottering old man—leaned heavily upon the padre's arm as he was shown the neat garden. He dozed comfortably under the giant heliotrope, while the Governor told Father Acacio of the ill success of all the other missionaries whom they had visited. The good Bishop had been scandalized by the devices to which they had resorted to gain their converts. At Taos the Indians had been permitted to hold their hero Montezuma in equal honor with San Geronimo. At Laguna the festivals of the Saints were celebrated with heathen dances and the Zoöthestic fetiches were allowed a place on the high altar.

"Father Acacio professed himself greatly

shocked by such crooked practices, and asked whether many of the converts had made commendable progress in the catechism.

"'Alas! no,' replied the Bishop, suddenly waking up; 'the other priests have with one accord relinquished all attempts to teach them the dogmas of our holy religion.'

"Padre Acacio smiled complacently and led his guests into the church, already filling fast with his flock. He seated his friends, and the bombardment of questions and answers waged merrily, to the complete stupefaction of the Bishop, who could scarcely believe his ears. The triumphant priest could not forbear occasionally casting a glance over his shoulder at his confederate Candelaria, who smiled and nodded at him from between the red cotton curtains of the confessional. He had hinted to her the possibility of his removal to a higher sphere of usefulness, and the tears had stood in her eyes. 'Blessed Father,' she had said, 'how I shall miss you! and with whom shall I play the adorable little game?'

'Dear child,' the missionary had replied, 'we need not be separated. If you wish, you shall go to Santa Fé with me, and teach the

little game to Indian girls as the superior of a convent of holy nuns.' Father Acacio had painted the city of Santa Fé in such glowing colors that the girl had expressed her entire willingness to follow him thither. How clever she was! The padre could hardly keep his attention on the catechism for thinking of her, and yet his converts were doing him credit beyond his most sanguine expectations. There were some slight slips, as when the head choir-boy, confused by the identity in the numbers, when asked for the Deadly Sins, gave instead the Seven Sacraments—Baptism, Confirmation, Eucharist, Penance, Extreme Unction, Holy Orders, and Matrimony; and, when asked 'What, then, are the Seven Sacraments?' replied, 'Pride, Covetousness, Lust, Wrath, Gluttony, Envy, and Sloth.'

"Old Isidor, being asked 'For what did Judas betray his master?' fixing his eyes on three ten spots displayed by Candelaria, replied, 'Ten gold pieces, ten cups, and ten swords.'

"But, as a general thing, all went swimmingly.

"The Governor regarded Father Acacio

with admiration, which changed after a time to surprise and, finally, to a puzzled doubt and downright suspicion. These converts were too preternaturally bright. There must be some little trick for suggesting the answers which did not appear on the surface. He began to notice occasional incoherences in some of the glib replies. The answer proper to Purgatory might be truly given to the question, 'What is the sacrament of Matrimony?' for he had himself found that condition 'A place of punishment where souls suffer before they go to Heaven' (Doña Anastasia was dead now, rest her soul!); but when Willful Murder, Oppression of the Poor, and Defrauding the Laborer of his Wages were given instead of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience as the three particular virtues of a good friar, he felt sure that the catechumens had been taught by rote with some mechanical means for assisting their memories, rather than with any explanation of the meaning of the words they uttered.

"It was at this point that he followed Father Acacio's frequently returning gaze to the confessional, and caught a glimpse of

Candelaria's pretty face. From this time, to the priest's consternation, the Governor paid no attention to the catechism, but watched with admiration the padre's charming accessory as she made her signals.

"At last Father Acacio's little game was perfectly clear to him, and he knew not which to admire most—the cleverness of the scheme or the beauty of the assistant.

"Poor Father Acacio!—his genius and pains were not rewarded as he wished, for a little while after the episcopal visitation a commission came to him, stating that 'Whereas he had shown such greate zeale and good success in converting the savages, therefore it had been thought best to remove him to a more difficult field—even to the town of Taos, whose warriors were very ill affected to the Spanish government, and were by some sayd to be on the verge of insurrection.'

"This paper, which, instead of calling him to the capital, banished him still further into the wilderness, was signed by the Bishop at the advice of the padre's perfidious friend, the Governor.

"Had he, then, forgotten his expressed desire to have a partner at monte with

whom to while away the long evenings? Not at all; nor was Candelaria disappointed in her desire to see the capital of New Spain, Santa Fé, the city of the holy faith. The ancient chronicles tell how more than one of the early officials 'took to themselves wives of the chieftainesses of that country,' and there was great celebration in the pueblo when the governor married little Candelaria. Father Acacio's successor, a man of dull wits, could never understand why it was that his flock at first clamored to be taught the catechism, and then left the church in a body never to re-enter it when he painstakingly endeavored to explain and teach it to them."

Father Tolo continued his pleasant stories all the way to Genoa, and proved to be a most entertaining traveling companion. He told them of his experiences in Cuba—a short visit, for he had only gone on a tour of inspection; but in the brief time he had observed much, and though he was very guarded in his remarks, it was evident that in many respects the insurgents had his sympathies.

He spoke more freely of his own country

and the beauty of the scenery in the Basque Pyrenees. "Ah! that is the land for an artist," he cried with enthusiasm. "A picture on every hand. If ever you go to Spain, you must not neglect to visit the Pyrenees. So many think that Castile and Andalucia are all there is of Spain, whereas our northern Spain is more picturesque, our northern Spaniards a nobler race, than you will find in the South. That they have been loyal to the Carlist cause, and have fought for it when there was no chance of victory, is no shame to them, but rather to their credit."

"I wish I understood the political situation better," said Tib. "If I remember correctly, the first Don Carlos, whom we hear of as a Pretender or claimant, was a brother of King Ferdinand VII., who, on his death in 1840, left the kingdom to his daughter Isabella, the mother of King Alfonso, who was the father of the present little king. Now, as the line was direct, I do not see what claim that Don Carlos or the present one, his grandson, can have to the Spanish crown."

"Because of the Salic law, that no *woman* can rule. On the death of Ferdinand, as he had no son, his brother Carlos was the right-

ful heir. Ferdinand had no power to leave the kingdom to a woman."

"But all of the rest of Spain accepted her as queen; why not the Basques?"

Father Tolo's eyes kindled. "Because of our *fueros:* ancient rights confirmed to us by Charles V.—the right to be exempt from conscription and from many oppressive taxes. The old Don Carlos and the present both swore to protect our *fueros*, but after the war, ended in 1876, in which we had all fought unsuccessfully for four years for the Carlist cause, then the Spanish Government established the conscription and the taxes—so is it any wonder if some of the Basques are not only wishing but really working to bring Don Carlos back again? Ah! if he only had better advisors and understood more clearly the Cuban situation! It was for that I sought him in Venice, to warn him against General Weyler, who is as unscrupulous as he is cruel, and is endeavoring to gain the confidence of Don Carlos and win him to his policy of cruelty. If only another Ximines might arise to counsel him! Then would we all welcome to the throne him whose right it is to rule."

"Then your visit to Venice really had a political reason?"

"I did not say so," Father Tolo replied eagerly. "I scarcely know what I have said: I was excited and forgot myself. Take it all as the foolish maundering of a doting old man. The wish is in my own heart as I have expressed it, but I implicate no one. These are nothing but my personal opinions —utterly fatuous and futile. Forget them, I beseech you! Above all things, never imagine me an—emissary. Our poor Spain is torn and distracted within, for, besides these two political parties, there are the Republicans, who triumphed for a time under Castelar. He is an idealist who dreams of a United States of Europe like yours of America. He actually met with Gambetta of France and Garibaldi of Italy to discuss the impractical scheme. He is a noble man, and the party still exists; the young hotheads are with him. Who knows which of the three factions will triumph in the end? And as though this, with the trouble in our provinces, were not enough—there is even talk of war with the United States; but that must not happen."

"Oh! that is quite impossible," Winnie

replied cheerfully. "The people of the United States have only the kindliest feelings for Spaniards. I cannot imagine anything which could interrupt our friendly relations."

They parted at Genoa, for Father Tolo was going directly home. He lifted his hand with a "*Pax vobiscum!*" as they drove from the station.

"Peace be with you, too, Father Tolo," Winnie replied heartily, "and with your dear country!"

"Doesn't he look like a saint," she added to Tib, "as he paces the platform reading his breviary? And, for all that, do you know I really believe he *is* a conspirator!"

CHAPTER III.

THE SEARCH.

But trow not that I will tell you all the Towns and Cities and Castles that Men shall go by: for then would I make too long a Tale.—Sir John Mandeville.

WHAT befell Winnie and Tib in Genoa shall be related in due time. Their stay was a very short one; but during that stay events occurred which entirely changed their plans. Hardly had they left Genoa when Dr. Van Silver and Angelo Zanelli arrived, and searched the town, without coming upon and trace of the fugitives.

Having become convinced that they had taken passage for America, Angelo urged his

friend to return with him to Venice; but Europe had no attractions for Van, with Winnie in America; and as there was a small coasting steamer bound for Gibraltar in the harbor, he determined to take it and to find passage for New York at that port.

In his secret heart he hoped that the girls might possibly have stopped at Gibraltar, and that, overtaking them there, he would have the pleasure of making the homeward voyage in their company.

To those of our readers who have followed this series through its previous volumes, Van will be no stranger. Winnie and he had been betrothed for several years, but while their mutual affection and respect had deepened, fate had not been kindly in helping them to set their wedding day for the immediate future. Van and Angelo Zanelli were not in Venice when the girls had left; and Winnie had simply written Van of their intention of returning to America without giving him all the details. She knew that he, too, was soon to return to the United States, and hoped soon to welcome him; but neither of the girls imagined that Angelo would care to follow them across the ocean,

though this was just what he now determined to do.

"I wish I could go with you at once," he said to Van, "but I must wait here to exchange letters with my mother. I shall find you in New York, so look for me soon after your arrival."

The next day, after seeing Van off, the Count received a letter from his mother, detailing her experience with Mr. Smith, and concluding as follows:

> And to think that this furious, and probably dangerous, man is going to Genoa, and may fall upon you at any moment! I am consumed with anxiety. If you have found our young friends, wait until Nellie has had an opportunity to plead your cause with her father before you present yourself, for any interview with him in his present state of mind would be fatal to your hopes. May Providence keep you apart for the present!
>
> Your deeply distressed
>
> MOTHER.

As Angelo slowly folded this letter, and placed it in his pocket, he noticed the arrival in the hotel office of an American and his wife, who devoted themselves to as careful a study of the hotel register as he had given it the day before.

"They are not here, Mother," said the man after prolonged scrutiny; "but I'll take a room, and you would better go up to it and rest while I hunt around. See here, Signor," he added, addressing the hotel clerk, as soon as his wife had mounted the stairs, "just tell me how to find some of these hotels that Baedeker mentions."

But the clerk, not desiring to advertise his rivals, pretended not to understand, and Angelo Zanelli stepped forward and politely explained the situation of each of the hostelries, carefully marking the way upon the map. Mr. Smith was delighted to find someone who understood English, and asked the Count to inquire for him if he could secure the services of an interpreter. No such individual being for the moment procurable, Angelo, who had the morning on his hands, offered to go about with him. "My name is Angelo," he explained—"Angelo Zanelli," but Mr. Smith, overjoyed at finding the help he needed, paid little attention to his introduction, and caught only the Christian name.

"I am more obliged to you than I can express, Mr. Angelo," he replied. "Foreign

languages come pretty difficult when one tries to pick them up late in life. You seem to be equally at home with Italian and English. May I ask whether you are an American who has lived long abroad, or an Italian who has passed a part of his life in America?"

"A little of both," Angelo replied; "my father was an Italian, my mother an American."

"Hum! Those international marriages are getting to be more common than we like over in America," and Mr. Smith scowled in a threatening manner.

"And yet they do not always end disastrously," Angelo ventured. "My parents' marriage was an exceptionally happy one."

"Yes, *exceptionally*, I dare say; but it stands to reason that there is more rational prospect of happiness when two young people have the same tastes and the same ideas, the same way of looking at things, and the same political and religious opinions. There are enough causes of difference coming up through the most harmonious married life without lugging them in at the beginning from the ends of the earth. Take the mere matter of cooking: I could no more have

stood an Italian wife, who persisted in serving me with *macaroni au gratin* instead of giving me buckwheat cakes and maple syrup, than I could go to a Catholic cathedral instead of the Presbyterian church on Sunday."

"But how would it have done to have had both buckwheat cakes and macaroni on the menu; and couldn't your wife and you have gone to different churches without quarreling over your Sunday dinner?"

"No, young man; in married life there must be complete unanimity of opinion, or there is no happiness. Mrs. Smith belonged to the Friends' Meeting, but when we were married she became a Presbyterian like me, and our tastes in the matter of cookery are identical. Of course, I didn't inquire around for a young lady who liked buckwheat cakes and little deer-foot sausages for breakfast every day in the year, but it was a great comfort to find after our marriage that such was her preference. Why, I not only can't eat macaroni myself, but it makes me ill to sit opposite anyone who eats it! No, sir; complete unanimity is the only safeguard for wedded happiness."

"It seems to me a little remarkable," persisted Angelo, "that your wife had no individual tastes which you did not share when you were first married."

"I didn't say that. Come to think of it, she used to say that sausages and buckwheat cakes *every* morning were a little cloying. But to show how perfectly easy it is to *have* unanimity (when both parties are set on it), Mrs. Smith as a girl was very fond of cup custards, but I was brought up on a farm, and never could endure eggs in any form—as food, I mean. They are very good articles of merchandise, and we send crates of them to the market; but, as I was saying, I explained to Mrs. Smith that they were harmful for her health; and so, though she makes custards when the sewing society meets at our house, and sends them around to sick people, I never have seen her eat one."

"Don't you think international differences might be compromised in the same way?" Angelo had the temerity to ask.

"Never, sir, never!" Mr. Smith replied with decision. "I would no more consent to my daughter's marrying a foreigner than I would think of doing such a thing myself.

Why, what unanimity could there be! Could you now give up macaroni and eat griddle cakes for the sake of any woman under heaven?"

"Yes, Mr. Smith; if a certain lovely girl of whom I am thinking demanded such renunciation."

Mr. Smith shook his head vigorously. "Don't you do it. That's no way to begin married life. You'll have to keep renouncing all the way through—and a man hasn't the spirit of a mouse that would do that. Ah! here we are. Now, what I want to know of the hotel-keeper is whether two young ladies, named respectively Miss Winifred De Witt and Miss Nellie Smith,—that's my daughter's name, though we call her Tib,—have stopped at this house during the past week."

Angelo Zanelli felt as if the room were spinning around him, but he managed to put the questions, although they were the same which he had asked the day before. And so from hotel to hotel they tramped, the landlords sometimes looking at Angelo pityingly, as though they fancied that he was losing his reason, and again answering his inquiries curtly.

Mr. Smith grew profoundly despondent as the morning wore on. "I am afraid she has gone back to America, and I've missed her," he said. "I hate to tell mother; I'm afraid it will make her sick. She's stood about all she can—poor little woman!"

But Mrs. Smith was braver than her husband. They found her on their return waiting for them on the balcony.

"Tib isn't in this town, Mother; we've looked it through and through," said Mr. Smith. "Mr. Angelo—this gentleman—has been so kind as to help me."

Mrs. Smith gave a quick, questioning glance at Angelo Zanelli. "Then it is certain that the girls have sailed?" she asked.

Angelo did not reply, but Mr. Smith answered pettishly, "Of course; where else can they be?"

This was the very question which was agitating Angelo. He had not told Mr. Smith that one of the men who had conversed with him so long in Italian that morning was the agent for the North German Lloyd Steamship Company, who had assured him positively that no passengers answering to the description of the girls had left Genoa on the

Aller. Winnie and Tib were not in Genoa, and they had not taken passage for America. Where, then, were they?

Angelo felt that the uncertainty under which he was suffering would be harder for Mr. and Mrs. Smith to endure than their present belief, and he determined to make further investigations before communicating his own doubts.

"Then there is nothing for us to do," Mrs. Smith was saying, "but to take the next steamer home ourselves. How criss-cross everything does happen! I have just made the discovery from the hotel register that the Roseveldts were staying in this very house, and left only two weeks before we arrived."

"I wonder whether Tib saw them?" said Mr. Smith.

"It is very possible, for they were in Genoa at the same time. It would have been a comfort to have met Mrs. Roseveldt and Milly, even if they had not met the girls so recently; but they have gone, and all the hotel people know is that they left by train for Marseilles."

Angelo listened attentively. "Were these

Roseveldts very intimate friends of your daughter's?" he asked.

"Very. Milly Roseveldt was an old school friend of both Tib's and Winnie's."

Light was breaking in upon his mind, and, excusing himself, he hastened away to gather all the data which he could in regard to the Roseveldts.

"What a pleasant young man!" Mrs. Smith remarked to her husband. "What did you say was his name?"

"Angelo. Think of Michael Angelo and you will remember it. Like as not, he is of the same family."

"How do you think of things, Father? Now, that would never have occurred to me."

"Women never do put two and two together," remarked Mr. Smith.

But Mrs. Smith was busied with another little sum in mental arithmetic. In studying the hotel register, Roseveldt was not the only familiar name which she had discovered. She had also come across those of Dr. Van Silver and Count Angelo Zanelli, and had furthermore discovered that while the former had departed, Zanelli was still a guest of the house.

She could see this young Mr. Angelo now, talking with the porter, who presently exhumed a sealed letter from the depths of a pocket. Then the conversation grew more excited, and a gold coin slipped into the porter's hand. The porter, still objecting, was dragged to the hotel register, and the address on the letter compared with some name recently entered. Then the porter relinquished the letter, and the young man returned to them almost breathless with excitement.

"I have reason to believe," he said, "that your daughter did not sail for America as she intended, but is with the Roseveldts."

"What makes you think so?"

Angelo repeated the information which the agent of the steamship company had given him, and, as the faces of his auditors grew troubled, added, "But have no fears; the porter assures me that, whereas the Roseveldt party consisted while here of only three persons, when they left there were five, *having been joined by two young ladies.*"

"But you haven't proved that they were Winnie and Tib," Mr. Smith replied, obstinately refusing to be convinced.

"Not yet," Angelo admitted; "but I hope to do so. On being urged to try to remember something about these young ladies, the porter confessed that as they were leaving one of them confided to his care a letter which she was anxious to have leave upon the next steamer for America, which letter he had providentially forgotten to mail, and here it is."

"But we have no right to open other people's letters," objected Mr. Smith.

"That was what the porter said, but I proved to him that it was the same thing for the owner to seek the letter as the letter its owner. It is addressed to you."

Mrs. Smith gave a little shriek of delight. "It is from Tib, and it is for me!"

Angelo withdrew politely, and Mrs. Smith read the letter aloud to her husband:

"DARLING MOTHER:

"So very much has happened since I last wrote, that I scarcely know where to begin. You will be surprised to learn that circumstances arose in Venice which convinced Winnie and me that we had remained there long enough. I will tell you all the details when I see you. I don't like to crystallize unpleasant things in cold ink; besides, I feel that I am looking at events with too near a focus now. Per-

haps they will look differently when I am further away from them.

"We had fully made up our minds to return to America—and I had written you so; but, fortunately, did not mail the letter, as I intended to add more to it at Genoa, and then send it by a different steamer than the one which we were to take.

"But on our arrival here the first person that I met was Millie Roseveldt, who, with her parents, will start for Spain to-morrow.

"You know that Winnie and I have always longed to visit Spain; and this seemed too good an opportunity to be lost, for the Roseveldts very kindly urged our going with them; and Winnie for once in her life put her foot down resolutely, and asserted that I might go home alone if I wished—for her part, she should take this Spanish tour. We tried to talk it over dispassionately; and when we considered that our funds were sufficient; that you did not expect us to come back to America for another six months, and might think our sudden return an impulsive freak; that you had always told us to choose our own itinerary; and, finally, when we talked over the wonderful paintings by Velasquez and Murillo, which one can only see in the Madrid Gallery; and when we further thought of the Mosque at Cordova, and the beauties of the Alhambra; and reflected that this might be the only opportunity of our lives for seeing these wonders—then it really seemed to be the part of wisdom to seize the gift which the gods had given us.

"I am sure of your approval, but you have no idea

how I wish that you and daddy were to make this beautiful trip with us. If you could only be transported to us in some magical way, for there is no time for you to reach us in any ordinary manner before the trip would be half over, for we expect to sail for home from Gibraltar within two months. Please address us in care of —— & Co., Bankers, at Seville ; and I shall hope when we reach there to find a long letter awaiting me.

"Ever lovingly yours,

"TIB."

Mr. Smith gave a long whistle. "This alters the situation," he said to his wife.

"What shall we do?" she asked.

"The first thing that I shall do," Mr. Smith replied, "will be to take Mr. Angelo's advice. Had it not been for his kindness and level-headedness we would not have known what we do now."

Mr. Smith joined Angelo, and communicated the information conveyed by the letter, so far as concerned the girls' plan for travel in Spain.

"You intend, of course, to follow them?" asked Angelo.

"Certain! We will go directly to Seville and tell the American Consul to let us know when they ask for their mail."

"But that will be nearly a month hence," Angelo replied; "and you can find them before that."

"How would you go about it?" asked Mr. Smith.

"In this way: Leaving from this point they would enter Spain by the northeast, and their first stop would naturally be at Barcelona. As they have only a month to give to the interesting places between that point and Seville, they will probably have left Barcelona before our arrival. We can stop, however, and begin our inquiries there. Our next objective point will be Madrid, and there I am very sure that we will find them domiciled at one of the first-class hotels."

Mrs. Smith looked at the young man with a keen glance of recognition. It had not escaped her notice that he included himself in the search party. "You are going with us?" she asked.

"I am on my way to Spain," Angelo stammered, "and, if you will permit it, will be glad to travel in your company."

"Going to Spain!" exclaimed Mr. Smith. "Well, that's lucky; and I shall take it very kindly of you if you will help me in making

inquiries at the hotels there as you have here to-day."

"Most gladly," Angelo replied; "and I will begin at once by looking up our train."

Mrs. Smith was certain of Angelo's identity, but she said nothing to her husband in regard to her suspicions. It would be just as well, she argued, to let the disclosure come later, after the young man had had time to strengthen the good impression which he had already created.

Just before leaving Genoa a letter was handed Angelo for Dr. Van Silver. It was one which Winnie had written on their change of plans. She had sent it to Venice, and Adelaide had forwarded it, but it had arrived too late to reach Van. Angelo readdressed the letter to the American Consul at Gibraltar, asking him, in case Dr. Van Silver had sailed, to send it to his New York address. He also wrote a personal note to Van, telling him how he had met the Smiths and had learned the plans of the two fugitives, and urging him, if possible, to delay his return to America and to join them at Seville.

CHAPTER IV.

A LITTLE GAME OF HARES AND HOUNDS—BARCELONA.

'Twas evening as they reached the mountain's brow
That showed them Barcelona in the vale;
And long they paused to see that lovely show:
The sun, low leveled on the city pale;
Montjuif's bright brow, its lily standard hung,
Like rising flame, on heaven; the port's thick sail—
The clouds upon the sea of sapphire flung.

—GEORGE CROLY.

MEANTIME the three friends, Tib, Winnie, and Milly, with Milly's father and mother,—Mr. and Mrs. Roseveldt,—were speeding on toward Spain, with only a short start of their pursuers; that brief interval was to result in all sorts of mishaps and misconnections, and even some exciting *contretemps*.

It will be remembered by those who have

PERMISSION OF THE AMERICAN ART ASSOCIATION.

CAFÉ OF THE SWALLOWS.—By Fortuny.

read the previous volumes of this series that Tib and Winnie had left the Roseveldts in Holland, where the misunderstandings between Milly and Stacey Fitz Simmons had all been cleared away and their engagement approved. Stacey had gone to England to study naval engineering. Since that summer, and while Tib and Winnie had lived through the eventful winter and summer at Venice, the Roseveldts had traveled in various parts of Europe.

The three friends had many confidences to exchange, and chattered away as they whirled along toward Barcelona. Fortunately, Mr. Roseveldt obligingly slept the greater part of the way, and as the only other occupant of their compartment did not understand English, they could give free escape to all their long-repressed confessions. Winnie and Milly were especially sympathetic, for to these two fate had been kind, and had given to each that highest of earthly blessings—a *good* man's love. For each of them, too, the path of true love had been smoothed, until now only a brief waiting time stretched between them and the fruition of their hopes. For Tib everything had gone sadly awry—a

great cloud of misunderstanding had come up between her and Angelo Zanelli. He had shown, as she thought, that he did not love her; and she was calling up all the pride of which she was capable to help her not to throw away her happiness in mawkish sentimentality and unrequited affection. Work was her great consoler, and she had turned to her art with an intense energy which made Winnie imagine that her love could never have been equal to her ambition. While the other girls talked of the Spanish paintings which they would see in Madrid—of Velasquez and Murillo, especially, among the old masters; and of Fortuny, Madrazo, Rico, Pradilla, and Zamacois among the moderns—Tib joined in the conversation with animation; but when the chat turned to the comparative excellences of Van and Stacey, she allowed the two happy girls to talk together in subdued tones while she acted as a screen by engaging Mrs. Roseveldt in some discussion.

At Barcelona, their first stop on Spanish soil, after seeing all paintings which were on exhibition, the three girls accompanied Mr. Roseveldt on a walk to the Fort of Montjuich, south of the town, as they had been

told that from its heights the best view of the harbor was to be obtained; and here an adventure happened to them very far-reaching in its consequences. Mr. Roseveldt sent their cards in to the commandant, who detailed an orderly to show them the fortress.

The orderly was a courteous, talkative young man, who was delighted at having this opportunity to impart information to three comely young American ladies. He spoke French, and explained how the name had been given to the hill because it was the Ghetto of the Middle Ages. He showed the fortifications, and told the story of their capture in 1705 by Lord Peterborough, one of the most brilliant feats of modern times, and how Espartero had bombarded Barcelona from these batteries in 1842—for the fort commanded the city as well as the harbor; and, once taken, the inhabitants were at its mercy.

An elderly whiskerando, who had once been a soldier, but was now an agent of the police, followed them from point to point, and scowled as the orderly pointed out the path by which Lord Peterborough's men scaled the

hill and surprised the garrison ; and when he explained how the very guns placed here for the defense of Barcelona were turned on the city with such terrible effect, the detective pushed forward and spoke a few warning words to the orderly in Spanish. The young officer ordered him aside indignantly, and offered to conduct the party into the *Sala de las Armas*, or museum of arms and armor. Tib, fascinated by the superb view, preferred to remain outside, and, sitting in the shelter of an angle of the fortifications, began a water-color of the view of the harbor. Winnie and Milly announced that they would sit with her, but Mr. Roseveldt accepted the orderly's guidance, as he was greatly interested in ancient and mediæval armor.

While they sat in the pleasant sunshine Milly improved the opportunity to read Winnie extracts from Stacey's last letter. He was now in America, but while in England he had been particularly interested in torpedo warfare and in submarine mining. He had attended maneuvers and witnessed experiments with submarine boats, having had special advantages for this line of study extended to him by the Assistant Director

of Torpedoes of the British Admiralty, and by a noted naval architect at Chiswick who was engaged in the construction of torpedo boats for Spain. "I have carefully studied every detail in these boats," Stacey wrote, "and wish I might go out in one of them to Cadiz and meet you in Spain—but that is not possible." Stacey was very enthusiastic, and proceeded to rehearse the history of the part that torpedo warfare had played on the Black Sea in the Russo-Turkish War. He closed with the announcement that to please his father, the old Commodore, he had at last decided to enter the United States Navy, and was daily expecting an appointment in the line.

"I would have made this decision long ago," he wrote, "if I had imagined that there was any likelihood of war in our generation, but I could not endure a life of inaction at the expense of the government."

While Milly was reading and Tib sketching they had not observed that the whiskered individual had slunk behind the low bastion and was listening acutely. He understood English, but what he now partly overheard he entirely misconstrued. When

Milly had finished reading he leaped the bastion and snatched the water-color, remarking that it was against the rules to make drawings of the fortifications. Tib pleaded that this was not a drawing *of* the fortifications but *from* them. "No matter," replied the man, "all one"; and he glowered at the innocent sketch, and, suddenly discovering the pathway down the hill, indicated by a faint line, he crumpled the paper up and placed it in his pocket, saying that such a drawing would give most important information to an attacking party. He then demanded that the letter which had just been read should be surrendered to him, but this Winnie would not allow Milly to do; and the orderly and Mr. Roseveldt arriving opportunely, the intruder was for the moment suppressed. But all enjoyment was taken out of the beautiful day. It was the autumn of 1897, and the relations between the United States and Spain were strained on account of the sympathy which existed in our country for the Cubans. There was talk, even at this time, of war with Spain, and traveling Americans were looked upon with coldness and sometimes with suspicion. Mr. Rose-

veldt decided that they might escape possible annoyance by immediately continuing their journey.

The girls had told Mr. Roseveldt of Father Tolo, and he was greatly interested in this singular man.

"Since you have his address," Mr. Roseveldt said, "we will write to the good priest of the sudden change in your plans. I would enjoy a little tour in the Pyrenees before the cold weather sets in, and we will ask Father Tolo to send us a line to Madrid telling us how best to reach his little mountain village."

Just after the Roseveldts, with Tib and Winnie, had left Barcelona, Mr. and Mrs. Smith and Angelo Zanelli arrived in the city, having followed exactly the same route from Genoa, journeying through Provence, the land of romance, and entering the Peninsula from the northeast. They found traces of the girls immediately, for they stopped at the same hotel—the Nacional, on the Rambla. Angelo was certain that they would overtake them at Madrid, and, as there was no desirable train until the next day, they occupied themselves with inspecting the novel

sights in this Spanish city, the first which Mr. and Mrs. Smith had ever seen. Angelo told them of an interesting excursion which he had made to the curious convent of Montserrat on a previous visit.

The convent is situated on the summit of a high and jagged range of mountains, and commands a superb view of Catalonia. It has a hospidaria, where guests are entertained for three days, and by special permission for six more. It is chiefly celebrated from the fact that Ignatius Loyola watched all night in the Chapel of the Virgin before dedicating himself to be her knight and founding the order of the Society of the Jesuits. He left his sword upon her altar in token that the weapons which he would henceforth use were to be spiritual.

Mrs. Smith was interested in Angelo's description, but, as the excursion would require several days, they decided unanimously not to take it, for all three were impatient to overtake the fugitives. That evening Angelo proposed that they should drive out to Pedralves, a picturesque holiday resort in the suburbs, and take supper at a tea garden which he remembered. Here he

ordered *serafina requesones* as the dessert, and Mrs. Smith was surprised and delighted to find that the uncouth appellation meant delicious custards.

"I haven't tasted anything so nice in years," she said—"not since I was married. Do try them, Father. And how did you know that I was fond of custards? But, of course, it was only a happy chance, and you could not have really known."

Mr. Smith regarded his wife with surprise. "Why, Mother," he said, "I had no idea you had kept your childish liking for those insipid things. I have never seen you eat them since we were married. Now, I would greatly prefer a heaping plate of buckwheat cakes, but I presume they never heard of them in this benighted country."

"I fear not," said the count, "and in their absence will you not try a *requesone?*"

Mr. Smith tasted the custard grudgingly. "How can anyone care for such baby's food!" he demanded contemptuously, pushing his dish aside with great ostentation, but when the waiter removed it, he ordered another for his wife, remarking:

"Here, Mother, if you have been denying

yourself all these years because I don't like custards, just make up for it by having a double quantity the rest of your life. I am not such a dog in the manger as I have seemed."

As they entered the hotel that evening the proprietor bowed most deeply. "A messenger from his excellency the Commandant of Fort Montjuich has just called, and regretted much that he missed you."

"But we do not know the Commandant."

"That is possible; for, now I think of it, he did not at first inquire for you, but for the young American ladies who left this afternoon; but when I told him that they were sought also by your excellencies he was most interested and asked many questions."

Neither Angelo nor the Smiths could account for the interest of the Commandant, though it was a natural sequence of the adventure which befell the girls at the fort.

Whiskerando, although momentarily baffled, was all the more angry because he had been thwarted; and, waiting on the Commandant, explained the event as he understood it. He believed that the girls were spies detailed to make drawings of

Spanish ports, and that they were in the employ of the United States. The letter which he had overheard he was sure was from some prominent naval officer, and he assured the Commandant that this unknown individual had expressly stated that he was coming out with the new torpedo boats and would join the party at Cadiz.

The Commandant looked serious. "It is more than probable that you are all wrong, Cardoza," he said, "but I will investigate the case. I will myself call on these Americans at their hotel. The gentleman mentioned to my orderly that they were stopping at the Hotel Nacional."

Here the Commandant was surprised to find that the party had suddenly left, but for what point was not known. One of the young ladies had left a letter to be mailed, which the Commandant immediately confiscated. It was addressd to

MR. STACEY FITZ SIMMONS,
In care of Commodore Fitz Simmons, U. S. N.,
BROOKLYN NAVY YARD, U. S. A.

As the Commandant studied this address he remembered that he had met Commodore

Fitz Simmons when the latter was visiting Barcelona some years before, and he jumped at the conclusion that Milly was in correspondence with the Commodore. He read the letter carefully. It seemed most innocent, but he had heard before of information being hidden in what was apparently only a love letter; there were such things as sympathetic inks and cipher; and, in case hostilities were declared between the United States and Spain, it would be just as well to warn them to leave the country. He made this report to Sergeant Cardoza, who was not quite satisfied; the latter had an artist's love for his profession, and he determined not to wait until the case was actually given him to look up, but, if their paths ever crossed again, to do a little private investigating on his own account.

He ascertained that a second party of Americans had arrived, and were now at the Hotel Nacional, and that they had expected to meet the first party. Sergeant Cardoza reasoned that they might or might not be concerned in the same plot, but that it would do no harm to begin his campaign by watching them; not only because he might detect

them in some suspicious act, but also because, though innocent, they would probably lead him to the game he sought.

Accordingly, the next morning when, having an hour at their disposal before the departure of the train, the Smiths and Angelo sallied from the hotel in the direction of the Parliament House to see Fortuny's largest painting, they were followed at a little distance by an elderly Spaniard in citizen's attire, but with something military in the cut of his gray whiskers, and a snarling smile which reminded Mrs. Smith when he approached of that most disagreeable of animals—the hyena.

Angelo was speaking as the man politely held open the door for them to enter, and he could not but overhear.

"I am positive," Angelo said, "that your daughter did not leave Barcelona without visiting this building, for she was a great admirer of Fortuny."

"How do you know that?" asked Mr. Smith. The Count was almost detected, and, guiltily remembering the many occasions on which Tib had confided to him her preferences in art, recovered himself by replying:

"You told me that she is an art student; and every artist, though he may personally prefer some other school of painting, must still admire Fortuny's wonderful mastery in his own field."

Passing up the cool marble staircase of the Parliament House of Barcelona into the rich but shadowy Chamber of Deputies, they stood before Fortuny's great painting, the victory of the Spanish troops at the terrific battle of Wad Ras in Morocco. They were dazed by the picture at first, for the coloring, though very delicate, palpitates in atmosphere. It is full of movement, too—of flying figures and draperies, of scintillating sabers and vaporous clouds of battle smoke. The artist had chosen the moment when the Spanish army was swarming over the ramparts into the Moorish camp, and had filled the foreground with the retreating African soldiery. The central group shows a party of Arab horsemen dashing out of the picture toward the spectator. The tawny sand dust, the blue smoke from the long guns, the floating scarfs and gauze turbans of light green, sulphur-yellow, rose, and lilac make the color focus of the picture. All is action and excitement, just

as in Velasquez' great battle painting—the Surrender of Breda—all is dignity. It would be hard to conceive a greater contrast than these two paintings, and yet each is a masterpiece.

"Fortuny had no sympathy with battle painting," said Angelo. "He devoted himself to this great picture because it was a commission that he was not in a position to decline. He found his favorite subjects in peaceful life, and had a strong aversion to bloodshed and horror, either in nature or art. Color and flashing light intoxicated him, and none knew so well how to render them. He was the greatest of the modern Spanish painters."

The detective crept nearer; he was puzzled that these Americans should be interested in this picture. It brought up thrilling memories to him, for he had fought in that very battle; and, carried away by the enthusiasm of his recollections, he unguardedly exclaimed, "See, Señor; I am there behind General Prim! I was only in my teens then, but it was I who spitted that negro who is aiming his rifle at the general. You Americans think that we Spaniards cannot fight. You should have seen us that day."

"Did you know Fortuny?" Angelo asked.

But the hyena shook his head: "There was no one in my company of that name."

"No, not a soldier," Angelo explained, "but an artist. Your greatest modern artist, who painted this picture," but the man continued to shake his head with a lack of interest which betokened the densest ignorance of art. Feeling that he had acted unwisely in thus bringing attention to himself, he followed at a greater distance as the party hurried to the station, and waited until they had entered the train before approaching the office and learning that they had taken tickets for Tarragona. He was too late to board the train, but it was no matter: he knew their destination and would follow later.

"Tarragona is a seaport town," he said to himself. "It is as I suspected: the spies are following the coast, to get plans and information concerning all our harbor defenses. It is at Cartagena where they will find most to do, for that is our best fortified port, and there is one of our three best arsenals. Yes, in case of war the United States would be glad to know how to take

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ARAB RECLINING ON DIVAN.—By Fortuny.

Cartagena. How fortunate that I have a piece of work to do there myself. Ah, my exceedingly clever young ladies, you have wit, but you shall find that Cardoza has still more, and that he is a follower who when once interested cannot be shaken off!"

They were, indeed, to suffer from his too assiduous attentions, but the sergeant was to learn on this first trip that there is such a thing as outwitting one's self; for the girls had not taken the coast trip, but had gone directly to Madrid. Even Angelo was wrong in his calculations, for he had fancied that they would travel by way of Tarragona in order to stop at the little town of Reuss, Fortuny's birthplace. He lost valuable time in stopping over to look for them there, but not so much as the detective was losing in his prowl along the coast; and while he was raging over his frustrated plans, Angelo consoled himself for his delay by becoming more intimately acquainted with Tib's father and mother.

Mrs. Smith was much interested in all that he had told her of Fortuny, and at her request he whiled away the tedium of the railway journey by relating the story of his life.

"Fortuny's father died early," Angelo explained, "but his care was replaced by that of a doting grandfather, whose life was bound up in that of the boy. The old man was a traveling showman, exhibiting a little theater of marionettes, in whose manufacture and management little Mariano assisted. His first attempt at painting was tinting with carmine the waxen cheeks of some puppet heroine or the nose of a Punch. The people of Spain are especially fond of dolls and puppets. The devotional images in the churches are examples of this taste. Each of the larger cities has its miraculous doll, loaded with brocade and jewels, and some of them have wardrobes in the sacristy which a queen might envy. Lesser images, decked with cut paper and tinsel, occupy household shrines, and votive gifts to the great wonder-performing queens are made of waxen models of arms, legs, and heads whenever afflicted members are supposed to have been cured by their intervention. Fortuny's grandfather carried on a small business in making these votive offerings, and it is probable that Fortuny learned his first lessons in anatomy as well as modeling

from shaping these limbs for the devout. Clusters of them, covered with dust and broken, some doubtless the work of the boy-artist, hung in the church at Reus. The boy's cleverness convinced the grandfather that he was formed for better things than the mere making of puppets, and he placed him at school in Reus. Here he studied drawing, and at fourteen painted a small picture, the "Apparition of the Virgin to a Shepherdess." This his schoolmaster thought so remarkable that he carried it to Barcelona, where there was an art academy, and it obtained Fortuny's acceptance as a free pupil. His student days at Barcelona were full of privation. A charitable society allowed him ten dollars a month, but this was not sufficient for his support, and he colored photographs and worked for architects. At length, at the age of twenty, he gained the Academy's highest prize, enabling him to live for two years in Rome with a pension of five hundred dollars per year. No after success probably ever seemed to him so great as this. It was honor, wealth, and opportunity at once. His income for three months was paid him in

advance, and this before leaving Spain he divided with his grandfather. No doubt he would have continued this division, but the old man died, and Fortuny was left alone with art. In 1860 Fortuny's second opportunity presented itself. Spain had declared war with the Sultan of Morocco. The city government of Barcelona concluded that they would prefer a grand battle painting of this war for their Parliament House to the historial picture which the recipients of the prize of Rome were expected to send back to the city. Accordingly, Fortuny was notified to join the Spanish army in Africa. And so it happened that Morocco found Fortuny, and he painted not only the great picture which we saw, but many others depicting Oriental life."

Mr. Smith had gone sweetly to sleep during this exposition, but he woke with a start when Angelo ceased speaking, and when the latter apologized for having spoken at such great length Mr. Smith urged him to go on.

"I am not much of a connoisseur on art, he said, "but you can see where Tib gets her love for it. Mother might have been

an artist herself if she had had Tib's chances instead of marrying me. I've no doubt she has been starving for more things than custards without my even suspecting it, and I am glad I have found it out. She shall see all the pictures and hear all the art talk she wants in this trip; and it is very fortunate for us that you happen to be journeying our way."

"Tell me more of Fortuny's later life," Mrs. Smith pleaded. "Did he marry? It seems to me that marriage must be a great risk for an artist, and might even ruin his career."

"For Fortuny, on the contrary, it was the crowning gift of kindly fortune. Not so much that by his marriage with Cecilia de Madrazo poverty left him forever, and he entered the *grande monde*, nor even because her father, the Director of the Academy of Painting at Madrid, could afford him valuable assistance in his profession, but because Cecilia was herself an artist in feeling. She sympathized perfectly with her husband, was better educated, and cultured in the ways of the world, while brought up in a family of artists. The great picture

gallery of Madrid being her home from childhood, she was familiar with all the traditions of art. Association with such a woman could not fail to be a liberal education, and Fortuny himself dated his success from this event."

Mrs. Smith nodded approvingly. "Yes, I can understand," she said, "how a man's career can be not only vastly aided, but even made possible, by a woman's devotion; but suppose the case reversed, and that a woman found herself possessed of talent for the development of which she felt herself responsible to the Great Giver. Do you not think it would be simpler for her to keep her aim single by giving up the duties and joys of wifehood?"

"I think," Angelo replied, "that when a woman is possessed of such rare talent, it is the duty of the man who loves her to devote his life to making it possible for her to realize the very highest achievements of which she is capable."

Mr. Smith, who had taken no part in the conversation for some time, looked at the young man suspiciously.

"I am afraid," he said "that you are in

love. One is apt to forget one's own comfort and to be beautifully unselfish when one is in that condition."

"And is not devotion better than mere comfort?" Angelo asked, but Mrs. Smith brought the conversation back to Fortuny, asking if his subjects were always Oriental.

"No," replied the Count, "he painted at Granada and in Seville; and, during his later residence in Rome, a delight in gleaming satin and lustrous velvet, in lace and flashing gems, as well as in the play of sunshine on more artistic objects, crept into his work; and his pictures became less simple than the Moorish studies, but the touch of the master gave them a dazzling brilliancy. Critics complain that his paintings have no soul, and that though wonderful in their technical qualities his subjects were not worthy of his genius. Fortuny himself was dissatisfied with them. He wrote to a friend that they were not the true expression of his taste, and that he intended to 'rest a little, and then——' But he was not permitted to realize his dreams. He died suddenly, at the age of thirty-seven, having spent his life in learning the technique of his art."

The party again broke their journey from Barcelona to Madrid by a stop of a few hours at Saragossa, to visit the beautiful old cathedral and the leaning tower. They had glimpses of interesting old houses and courtyards as they strolled through the streets, some of them dating back to the Moorish occupancy of Spain, but they were all too impatient to linger long, even in this historic and fascinating old city.

Their spirits rose as they neared Madrid. Mr. Smith had grown to be really fond of Angelo, and he became garrulously communicative, confidentially enlarging on his dislike of all "foreigners," a term which he applied (even while himself in a foreign country) to everyone not American.

Angelo became more taciturn as he reflected upon the part which he was playing. The conclusion that it was hardly an honorable one was particularly borne in upon his mind when he asked himself what Tib's opinion of it might be. How could he meet her frank, questioning gaze and justify himself for deceiving her trusting and child-like parents! He doubted not that they would find the girls without difficulty immediately

upon their arrival in Madrid—he would have enough to explain then! With a mighty effort he pulled himself together and made full confession. Mrs. Smith had been convinced when they first met of his identity; she had divined the uneasiness which his conscience was giving him, and had tried ineffectually to prevent his confession by keeping him talking about Fortuny, but it was impossible for him to keep his secret longer, and it all came out in one blundering confession of deception with no justification excepting his love for their daughter, which in Mr. Smith's eyes was the greatest crime of all.

The angry father spoke his mind very plainly. Angelo did not attempt to defend himself, and timid Mrs. Smith wisely kept silence, though she pressed Angelo's arm surreptitiously to assure him of her sympathy.

"After what you have told me," Mr. Smith concluded, "you will not think it strange that we part company on arriving at Madrid."

"It is what I expected," Angelo replied. "I intended to leave you at the Hotel de Londres on the Puerta del Sol, and to find other lodgings for myself."

"There is hardly any need of your taking lodgings at all, sir," replied Mr. Smith. "I would prefer that you returned to Italy at the first opportunity."

Angelo paled, but his voice was steady. "Will you not first allow me one interview with your daughter?" he asked.

Mrs. Smith spoke up quickly, to her husband's surprise not giving him an opportunity to reply. "That will be for Tib to decide," she said. "You can give us your address, and we will write you—I am sure we can trust you not to attempt to see our daughter unless you hear from us."

"It isn't likely that Tib is anxious to meet you," Mr. Smith muttered surlily, "since she took such pains to leave no word as to her destination when she left Venice."

"I have explained to you," the young man replied, "that I am under the disadvantage of a misunderstanding. As matters now stand I realize that Miss Smith would not care to see me. All I ask is an opportunity to explain. She is just, and she will not judge me without giving me a hearing."

"Mother is right," Mr. Smith at length admitted grudgingly. "We will let the little

girl decide, only you must promise not to speak to her, or even to write her, until I give you permission."

"I promise faithfully. I will discover her whereabouts and will report to you, and will wait to hear from you, trusting that you will immediately inform her that I am in Madrid and why I have come."

They shook hands a little stiffly, neither doubting that more than a few hours would elapse before the fulfillment of both promises; each respecting the other fully, and liking one another better than they cared to show.

CHAPTER V.

IN OLD MADRID—THE ESCORIAL.

Yet something somber and severe
  O'er the enchanted landscape reigned,
A terror in the atmosphere
As if King Philip listened near,
Or Torquemada the austere
  His ghostly sway maintained.

—LONGFELLOW.

AMONG the chief attractions of this Spanish journey to both Winnie and Tib was the art of Spain. Even at this time, as we have said, there was the shadow of the war cloud which was soon to envelop our own country and Spain, but none of our tourists could believe that it was really driving toward them.

Art has the wonderful power of awaken-

ing feelings of admiration, sympathy, and even love for a people with whom we may think we have no points of contact. Fortuny, the greatest of Spain's modern painters, exemplified this power in two ways. He followed the Spanish army to Morocco, only to become enamored with Spain's enemies and to paint the Moor and Moorish life as they had never been painted before; and Fortuny's paintings of the gay, childish, thoughtless life of the Spaniard—content with flowers, sunshine, and a guitar; realizing perhaps more than any other people the joy that there is in simply being alive—win every lover of his art to a kindlier feeling for his models.

Even the old masters, though farther removed from us, exercise the same humanizing influence. Velasquez, painting with equal delight the beggar and the grandee, wins us to a feeling of brotherhood with both—they are both so human.

The day which the three friends spent together in the Madrid gallery was one of great delight to them all. Their attention was chiefly claimed by the masterpieces of Velasquez, sixty of which are collected here;

making this gallery so rich that Velasquez cannot be adequately studied elsewhere. From one to another of the noble canvases the girls passed, now absorbed in silent admiration, now speaking to one another in low, almost reverent, tones as the power and charm of the great master held them in its magic spell. From royalty to beggardom, Velasquez was the great painter of character, and was equally enthusiastic in depicting the strong individuality, the picturesqueness, and richness of color in a group of ragged, repulsive drunkards as truthful and unflattering to the unintellectual faces which he frequently found looking out from sumptuous adjuncts of velvet and lace.

He is a painter's painter, and though he holds the uninstructed observer by the power of his wonderful realistic achievement, he fascinates the art student still more by his freedom of touch and the simple means with which he produced such marvelous aërial perspective, such harmonies of tone. Tib cared most for his portraits. Velasquez was the court painter of Philip IV., as Titian had been of Charles I., and he painted the King and his family many times.

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PORTRAIT OF PHILIP IV.—By Velasquez.

Tib was especially delighted with the portrait of the little prince Don Balthazar mounted on his pony, and by several portraits of the dwarfs who were a feature of court life at this time. In one of the large paintings Velasquez introduced himself painting among these little people. The legend that Philip took the artist's brush and himself painted in the cross, thereby conferring upon the painter his highest honor, is disproved by the skillful exactitude with which the decoration is drawn. Philip must have been no mean artist to have been able to do it so perfectly.

One of the artist's greatest works is his Surrender of Breda, which has been called "the finest representation of a cotemporary event in the world."

"What I like about Velasquez," said Winnie, turning from this great painting to the Tapestry Weavers, "is the sympathy which he showed for the workers. See, he has ennobled these poor artisans! That woman has the dignity of a goddess. And in this Forge of Vulcan he was not thinking of the ancient Greek deities, but of the blacksmiths that he saw in the smithies of Madrid.

Every vocation was noble for him. He was not spoiled by the high offices which he held at court, or by the society of the grandees with whom he was associated. I have no doubt that he found it a great relief to turn at times from the society of the Dons to that of the common people."

As they made their pilgrimage through the gallery, pausing before one and another of Velasquez' paintings, the girls were too much absorbed to notice that an elderly Spanish gentleman followed at a little distance, and that though he pretended to be interested in some canvas near by, he frequently held his catalogue bottom upward and regarded them keenly, though furtively, from under his bushy brows. As their enthusiasm kindled, and they spoke earnestly though in subdued tones to one another, his delight showed itself, and he crept nearer, trembling with excitement, and listening greedily to their expressions of admiration. He might have been the ghost of Velasquez himself gliding silently and unseen through the long galleries, grateful for appreciation of the works to which he had given his highest endeavor. So Milly thought, and said, for,

less intent than the others, she finally noticed him and drew the attention of her companions to his strange espionage. "He does resemble Velasquez," Winnie assented, "but he is no ghost; he is possibly someone connected with the gallery who has noticed our admiration, and is watching us fearing that we may cut one of these paintings from its frame."

While Winnie and Tib agreed in their estimate of Velasquez as the greatest of Spanish painters, Milly was won by the loveliness of Murillo's virgins and cherub children. They had a warm discussion as to the merits of their favorite artists as they walked homeward, and Milly was reduced to tears by the energetic manner in which her friends asserted that all Murillo's refined and idealized prettiness was not worthy to be compared with the brutal ugliness and truth of one of Velasquez' beggars.

"We have only a short time to remain in Madrid," said Winnie, "but I can think of no better way of improving it than by making a copy of one of those heads of Velasquez"; and accordingly she made inquiries of the steps which it would be necessary to

take to obtain the desired permission. To her disappointment she found that this, like everything else in Spain, would require time. While speaking with the guardian the distinguished looking Spaniard, noticing her troubled countenance, came forward and asked if he could be of service. "I know the direction of the museum," he assured her, "and will gladly attend to the matter and hope to place your permission to paint in the gallery in your hands to-morrow morning."

He was as good as his word, for the next day, as they were breakfasting, a servant handed Winnie a card bearing the name of Don and Doña Juan Perez de Silva.

It was the obliging stranger, who had brought his wife to call upon them, and had not neglected to secure the desired permit. Doña Perez de Silva, or Doña Ximena, for they soon learned to call her familiarly by her Christian name, was dressed in the Spanish style without a bonnet, a rare old lace mantilla of great value, though intricately darned, depending from her high comb and draping her shoulders. Elaborately coiled love-locks were gummed to her

temples, and the only blemish on her really pretty face was an aggressive mole upon her right cheek, which at first sight moved the beholder to pity, but was soon forgotten, for the lady's eyes were so beautiful that the gaze could not stray from them. She had a coquettish way, too, of looking over the top of her fan, and of drawing her mantilla across the disfigured cheek, and a manner which, in spite of the fact that she was over forty, was very kitten-like and pretty.

Though she had walked quite a distance, she wore white satin slippers and her heavily ringed hands were without gloves. She was still a beauty, but was growing stout, and she regarded the slight figures of the girls with envy.

She explained that they resided in Cordova, but that Don Juan was writing a work on the ancient Saracenic library which existed in the city at the time that Spain was under Moorish domination, and that he had come to Madrid to look over the books preserved in the Escorial which had formerly made a part of that famous collection. His work at the Escorial was nearly completed, and they were soon to return to their home,

which Doña Ximena, with characteristic Spanish courtesy, declared was completely at the service of their new friends. Don Juan added his entreaties and protestations to those of his wife. In his case they seemed quite genuine.

"I heard your expressions of admiration for our great Velasquez," he explained, "and as I understand English I could not refrain from paying attention, especially as I am as great an admirer of the master as yourselves. I determined that ladies of such appreciation should not be denied their so simple a request. I am honored by it, for the great painter, though not directly my ancestor, was of my family. His full name, as you are doubtless aware, was Don Diego Velasquez de Silva. The Silvas are a Portuguese family which has long been transplanted to Spain."

"What you say," said Winnie, "interests me immensely, for I have a friend who traces his ancestry to a Portuguese by the name of Silva, who was captured in Holland at the siege of Leyden in 1574."

The Spaniard started. "It is possible that we are related, for on our family tree a

branch lopped off represents the death of a certain Bautista, a brother of Velasquez' ancestor and mine, who served under Valdez, and was supposed to have been killed at that siege."

"Not killed," Winnie replied, "but captured, and captivated as well by a little Dutch maid whom he afterward married, and who prevailed upon him to forget the land of his birth and to settle in Holland."

"This is very strange," replied Don Juan; "if your friend can substantiate this descent, I shall be glad to welcome him as my relative; though I assure you it is too late to make any legal claim to estates to which the lost Bautista may have been the heir."

"I am sure that Van—I mean my friend Dr. Van Silver—would never think of disturbing you in the possession of your property, but it would be a most gratifying thing to discover that he was related, however remotely, to the great painter Velasquez."

"If he were in this country I would gladly talk over the matter with him and investigate his pretensions. Or if he will send me any papers in his possession."

"I have them," Winnie exclaimed. "We

looked them all up when we were in Holland, and they proved his descent there to the satisfaction of his Dutch relatives; I am sure that they will convince you as well," and Winnie flew to her own room to dive to the bottom of her trunk for the evidence which she had brought with her from Holland. Don Juan was speaking when she entered the room with the precious old clock-face on which was painted the coat of arms of the Van Silvers.

"Our device is a very peculiar one," he said; "some think it was derived from the name Silva signifying wood or tree, and the transplanting of the family from Portugal to Spain; but the Perez branch has also its legend which accounts for the tree torn up by its roots, and I confess I like that version better."

He ceased speaking as Winnie stood before him, rapidly tearing the wrappings from the clock-face.

"Have your ever heard of the 'tree eradicated' as being your friend's coat of arms?" he asked.

For answer Winnie triumphantly displayed the old clock-face which Mrs. Van Silver had

given her, with the quaint device of the uprooted tree.

"That is proof enough," Don Juan exclaimed; "your friend is undoubtedly of our family. With your permission I will, however, carry your papers to the office of an expert in heraldry, and will bring you back his written opinion."

Don Juan Perez de Silva bowed himself away, leaving Winnie in an intense state of excitement. "To think that dear old Van, of whom I have always made sport because he has not a spark of artistic feeling, should turn out to be related to the great painter Velasquez! If I only had him here this minute! O Tib, Tib! why did you make me run away with you? I'll sit right down and write him. If he is in Venice perhaps he will come to Spain and look up this matter. Poor Van has certainly some rights, and I do think I treated him very shabbily in leaving before he returned, and I am going to write him just where we are and where we are going, and I am sure you cannot object."

"No," replied Tib, on reflection, "I have no objections to offer."

"Indeed!" and there was a note of interrogation in Winnie's tone.

"Because I believe you have already done so. No, Winnie, I don't blame you. It was too much to ask, and, of course, as you say, Van has some rights. I suppose we may expect him to appear at any moment, and I need have had no fears about Angelo—I mean about Count Zanelli. He was probably greatly relieved on his return to Venice to find that we had gone." There was no tremor in Tib's voice, and Winnie glared at her disapprovingly.

"You are the most heartless girl I ever saw in my life," she said; "and it serves you quite right, if what you say is true."

Tib smiled in an inscrutable way; she was arranging her box of paints. "We shall have a short day," she said, "for our first copying from Velasquez."

Winnie overturned the box with a quick movement. "Bother Velasquez!"

The impulsive girl was down on her knees in a moment and helped Tib rearrange the little tubes, and they were soon busily at work, Tib copying a fragment from the Tapestry Weavers, and Winnie one of the Infantas.

That evening Don Juan called again; he had brought back Van's papers. "It is most wonderful," he said; "you have supplied a part of our family history which was entirely lacking. I have written to our relatives in Holland, and have also a statement of the case here which I will be glad if you will mail to your friend. I spoke hastily, being on my guard against possible pretenders, when I said that it was too late to make any claim to property. The father of Juan Bautista de Silva never believed in his death or gave up hoping for his return. The government had awarded him land in Cuba, and these estates his father decreed in his will should be held perpetually in trust for the descendants of Juan Bautista. They are now cultivated as sugar plantations, and though unproductive at present on account of the war are very valuable."

All this was extremely interesting to Winnie, as was the silver seal bearing the family coat of arms which he showed her. "I have brought you also a book that refers to the tradition which the Perez family hold as to the origin of our device of the uprooted tree. Though in English, I was fortunate

enough to find it in one of our book shops. It is possible that you are already familiar with it. If not, you will find it both entertaining and valuable, for it contains many curious examples of our early literature, especially that portion relating to the adventures of the Cid."

As he spoke he handed Winnie a copy of Lockhart's "Spanish Ballads," and turned to the legend of Don Diego Perez.

"It fell one day when furiously they battled on the plain
Diego shivered both his lance and trusty blade in twain;
The Moors that saw it shouted, for esquire none was near,
To serve Diego at his need with falchion, mace, or spear.

"Loud, loud he blew his bugle, sore troubled was his eye,
But by God's grace, before his face there stood a tree full nigh,
A comely tree with branches strong close by the walls of Xeres,
'Yon goodly bough will serve, I trow,' quoth Don Diego Perez.

"A gnarled branch he soon did wrench down from that olive strong,
Which o'er his head-piece brandishing, he spurs among the throng.

God wot ! full many a Pagan must in his saddle reel !
What leech shall cure, what priest shall shrive, if once that weight ye feel ?"

He showed her also another poem, describing the adventures of a brother of this hero, a certain Don Garci Perez, who displayed the device of the *Tree* with other heraldic emblems:

" The Moors stood drawn in order while past them all rode he,
For when upon his shield they saw the Red Cross and the Tree,
And the wings of the Black Eagle that o'er his crest were spread,
They knew it was Garci Perez, and never a word they said."

In the preface to these ballads Lockhart quotes the following passage from Don Quixote, which gives additional authority to the legend :

" I have read, friend Sancho," said Don Quixote, " that a certain Spanish Knight, whose name was Diego Perez de Vargas, having broken his sword in the heat of an engagement, pulled up by the roots a huge oak-tree, or at least tore down a massy branch, and did such wondrous execution that he won himself and his posterity the surname of The Pounder."

Winnie was delighted to find so quaint an origin for the queer old Dutch coat of arms, and a letter was speedily dispatched to Van urging him to come to Spain and look up his new relatives.

The Señora Ximena was genuinely pleased with Winnie, and the next day took the girls out to drive. There was a "foncion" at the bull-ring which she was disappointed that they would not attend. She could not understand their disapproval of bull fighting. To her mind it was a most innocent and delightful entertainment. They met the throng of every class pouring back from the spectacle: beautiful ladies in white lace mantillas, lolling in aristocratic equipages; omnibuses laden with the middle classes, the women in gay silken shawls, yellow, white, black, light-blue, embroidered with garlands of the gayest colors, with natural flowers in their bonnetless hair, and fans aflutter, like butterflies over pastures of brilliant blossoms; and the very lowest orders, who had starved themselves for a week in order to howl with ecstacy on this afternoon.

The Queen Regent drove by accompanied by the royal children. She had not been at

the bull-fight, but was taking her daily airing. "She is a good mother," said the Señora. "Even her enemies grant that."

She looked very grave and sad, as though a forecast of what was coming rose before her even in this joyous scene.

"One sees everyone on the Paseo," said the Señora. "There is the Prime Minister, Señor Sagasta. See, he has risen in his carriage and is bowing to the Queen."

"I am glad to have seen him," said Tib, "for he seems to me very wise and humane. I am sure that under his leadership Spain will soon have peace. Much is hoped from him in America."

Señora Ximena Silva shrugged her shoulders. "He is a master of policy," she said; "no one knows what he really believes. He can keep his temper, and that a true Spaniard cannot do under provocation; but the Prime Minister can be silent and can dissimulate when he is doubtless boiling with rage. More than this, he can affect indignation when his heart is cold. My husband has seen him lift his hands to Heaven invoking vengeance, glaring at the enemies of Spain, when they are not before him; and again flatteringly

wheedling them with his soft caressing voice or carefully couched letters. He would have made a magnificent actor. *Would* have made, did I say? He *is* one! He has the kind of power which comes from intrigue. He can make everyone do as he wishes now because all believe that he will do what they wish; but such a man must fail his dearest friends. He will fail the United States, he will fail Spain, and he will fail himself. Some day we will realize the dreams of Castelar in a republican Spain; and the time may not be far distant. My husband thinks that we are on the eve of a revolution."

That evening a letter came from Father Tolo. The good man was overjoyed, and he welcomed them cordially to the village of St. Jean de Kampona. "Come," he urged, "and come at once, for by rare good fortune there is to be a wedding in the village between young people of our two most important families. It is true that among the Basques all are noble *caballeros hijos de algo*, but the bridegroom is descended from that Gaspar Jauregui who raised the guerrilleros that were the terror of the French, and there have been

other warriors of the family nearer our own time who fought for Don Carlos under Zumalacarregui. The bride's father is very rich, and all the ancient ceremonies of a Basque wedding will be carried out in every detail, and I have prepared for you a welcome."

As the entire party agreed that this was a rare opportunity, they decided to set out the next morning, stopping to accept Don Juan's offer to show them the Escorial, as it was directly on their route, and it was their friend's last day at the great convent.

A ride of an hour and twenty minutes brought them to the Escorial. There is something very impressive in the first view which one catches of this immense pile dominating from its site on a spur of the ragged sierra the dismal plain on which Madrid is situated. The huge building, at once convent, church, mausoleum, museum, and palace, was built by Philip II. to commemorate the victory of St. Quentin. The battle was fought on the day sacred to St. Lawrence, who was martyred by being broiled on a gridiron. Popular tradition asserts that the rectangular plan of the building, with its long interior courts resembling the open spaces and the lines of cloisters

the bars, were so constructed by the architect to represent a gridiron, of which the portico is the handle.

The wind, which always howls around this desolate building, nearly took them off their feet as they walked from the station. Don Juan told them stories of monks whose inflated petticoats had carried them balloon-like through the air, and of coaches and horses that had been bowled over as though they were tenpins. With such demons of the Prince of the Power of the Air blustering around the convent walls, one could well imagine that its inmates would not care to make frequent sorties.

The exterior was so fortress-like and forbidding that the girls were not prepared for the view of the beautiful and calm interior of the church to which Don Juan introduced them from under the shadow of the choir. The architecture is noble and the decoration is not so tawdry as is often the case in Spanish churches, and they could not wonder that Philip II. loved his sanctuary and willed to die in sight of the high altar.

"It seems almost as if our own dear hymn might have been written here," said Tib.

"'From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes—
There is a calm, a sure retreat.'"

"Our most Catholic king died a death of more horrible agony than any martyr," said Don Juan, "but he had a good conscience, and was supported at last by the consolations of religion. He declared to his son that in all his life he had never consciously done wrong to anyone."

The girls were silent; they were thinking of the horrors of the Inquisition, which were sustained and urged forward by this bigot King, and they realized the sad truth that one may do evil under the mistaken belief that one is rendering God service.

As they stood in the tiny chamber and looked through the window through which the dying gaze of the King rested on the gilded reliquaries in whose efficacy he trusted, and later as they descended to the suffocating crypt where the bodies of so many kings and queens of Spain molder in costly sarcophagi —a horror crept into the day and brooded over them like a forecast of coming evil.

Milly turned very white. "Let me out into the air," she gasped; "I feel faint," and

her father and Don Juan supported her up the staircase and out into the formal garden with its clipped hedges of ancient box.

"It is the most dreadful place I was ever in," she murmured. "I felt as if I were going to be buried alive in one of those black marble caskets. Stay with me here, Tib. I feel too weak to make the rounds of the convent with the others."

"You can sit here on this marble bench," said Don Juan, "and I will guide the others only to the principal places of interest (we would walk many miles if we were to see everything), and when we are ready to go to the library I will come for you. That part of the building you must not miss; it is the gem of the whole."

They were sheltered from the wind by an angle of the building, but it still wailed and howled like a lost spirit. The fresh air revived Milly, and she nestled her head on Tib's shoulder confidingly. "Do you suppose the wind is blowing like this out on the ocean where Stacey is?" she asked. "I feel such a strange premonition of something terrible is about to happen!"

"This is a depressing place," Tib replied,

"and you are tired and nervous. You will soon hear from Stacey. I too feel the influence of the ghastly stories which they told us, and the sight of that grewsome crypt, but I refuse to believe that it has anything to do with us. Here is a poem by Martha Perry Lowe on the Escorial. I brought it along to read here. It begins pleasantly. Listen."

"I love the solemn awe that broods around
This spot, so wondrous in its solitude:
'Tis grave, e'en as the ancient faith that walked
In high austerity throughout the land;
'Tis still, as if the many hundred monks
Who lie beneath my feet had e'en but now
To Mary said their prayer, and one by one
Crept down below unto their rest in death;
'Tis cold and calm, as was the iron front
Of him, its king, who built him here a house,
Where with his bosom friend, Remorse, he came,
And in her dread companionship grew pale
With looking on the blackness of his soul,
And pondering how best to meet his God;
'Tis awful, with its royal dead, who lie
In chill magnificence.

. . . . .

Poor Philip! I can see thee now, within
The narrow room near by the Chapel, where
Midst all thy mortal pains thy gaze was fixed
Upon the altar, while thy dying bed
Was quivering in the mighty organ's roll."

Tib laid down the book with a little sigh. "I am afraid the experiment of reading that poem was a mistake," she said. "It does not seem very enlivening. However, I intend to be cheerful in spite of everything. See, Milly, the sun shines, and it is a beautiful world, after all."

As she spoke a man who was wandering aimlessly through the garden approached them. Tib recognized him, and started to her feet, a flush of pleasure suffusing her face. The young man, too, started forward impulsively. Then, as though constrained by some afterthought, he bowed gravely and walked rapidly away.

"Did you think you knew that gentleman?" Milly asked wonderingly, as Tib sank back upon the seat. "I presume that you resemble some acquaintance of his, for he certainly acted as if he knew you. It is odd that you should both have made the same mistake."

"Yes, it was a mistake," Tib replied in a cold voice—"a mistake which I shall not make again."

She was very quiet after this incident, and, in spite of her recent declaration that she

intended to be cheerful, Milly thought she had never seen her look so sad.

They were both relieved when Don Juan came and led them to the library, where he had been showing Winnie the beautiful illustrated MSS. The superb barrel-vaulted room is nearly two hundred feet long. It is richly frescoed, and above the carved cases hang many valuable portraits. Don Juan was less interested in the paintings than in the books. He showed them how the latter had all been placed upon the shelves with their *edges*, instead of their backs, to the front, and led them into another room where the Arabic books and MSS. were kept, the "Bibliotheca Arabico-Hispana Escurialensis." Many of these were most beautifully illuminated, for the Moorish scribes rivaled the monks of the Scriptorium who of old "wrote the Gospels in letters of gold." "Many of these books," Don Juan explained, "came from the great library of the Moors in our city of Cordova. When the city was taken by the Spaniards the books were condemned by the Inquisition, and the greater part was burned. But Cardinal Ximenes had the good sense to rescue many

that appealed to him by the beauty of their illuminations, and they are preserved in this room. It is, however, difficult to distinguish them from the later acquisitions of a captain of Philip III., who captured a Moorish ship containing the library of King Zidan—consisting of some three thousand volumes."

Winnie was fascinated by the wonderful work of the Moorish artist-scribes and deeply interested in Don Juan's antiquarian researches, and he was equally interested in her. Here was a new type of young woman, charming personally, and yet with brains to appreciate the most serious studies. She was not bored like other women by his long disquisitions on his hobby, but, on the contrary, followed him with enthusiasm. "If *she* were only the descendant of Juan Bautista," he said to his wife, "how willingly we would welcome her as a relative!"

"It will be all the same, I fancy, in the end," said clear-sighted Doña Ximena in an aside to her husband, as they escorted the girls to the train and renewed their entreaties that they would visit them in Cordova on their return from northern Spain.

CHAPTER VI.

A VISIT TO FATHER TOLO.

White crosses in the mountain pass,
  Mules gay with tassels, the loud din
Of muleteers, the tethered ass
That crops the dusty wayside grass,
And cavaliers with spurs of brass
  Alighting at the inn.

—LONGFELLOW.

ONLY two stops were made on their way to the Basque country—at the ancient cathedral towns of Segovia and Burgos.

Both cities were extremely interesting, and Burgos especially so, for it teemed with legends and traditions of Ruy Diaz de Bivar, the Cid el Campeador. In Burgos he was born, and at the castle his wedding was

celebrated. In the cathedral they were shown the famous chest which, padlocked and iron-hamped, the Cid left as security with the Jews of Burgos on one occasion when he borrowed money of them. The coffer was supposed to contain the Cid's plate and jewels, but when he returned the loaned money he told them to keep the chest left in pledge, as it was filled with sand.

This was hardly a heroic act to be preserved in popular tradition, but sharp practice with Jews was considered Christian behavior, and we only wonder that the Knight returned the borrowed gold.

No mountain scenery is more picturesque than the Basque Pyrenees. The magnificent higher ranges are hardly surpassed by Switzerland itself. St. Sauveur, the Vallée de Gippe, Pic du Midi, Luchon, Couterets, Pierrefitte, and Les Eaux Chauds are each wildly romantic in character. Besides the natural attractions there are fascinating architectural and historical remains. The girls exclaimed with delight at every turn in the road, and sketch books and camera were in hand all the way.

Father Tolo's village was called St. Jean

de Kampoua, or St. John in the Shadow, for it was cradled between two ranges of mountains which only permitted the sun to look upon its inhabitants in the middle of the day. It was quite a distance from the railroad, but Father Tolo was at the station, beaming with delight, and established them all securely on the top of the diligence. What a ride that was! Up through dark tunnels and along narrow defiles, the sheer rocky wall so close that they grazed it on one side and the roadway fell away in a precipice on the other hand. They met muleteers smuggling wine, which was carried on the backs of donkeys, but few other travelers. It was sunset when they dashed into the village—just two rows of houses on terraces of the two mountain slopes with a torrent dashing along between them instead of a street. Pretty Basque girls were kneeling beside it beating out their washing on the stones. Here and there a bridge spanned the gorge and on the bridges the inhabitants of the village were clustered, watching for the coming of the stage, the only other event of the day being its departure in the morning.

"There is Pepita," said Father Tolo, pointing out a winsome maiden with bewitching dark eyes, rich peach-like complexion, and jetty hair braided in one long tress. She wore the national costume—scarlet corsage showing white linen sleeves, a short blue petticoat and white alpagatas, or sandals, laced about her shapely ankles with dark-blue braid. The girl smiled and waved her hand to Father Tolo, as did a young man by her side, who was dressed in short dark breeches and a dazzlingly white shirt; an embroidered jacket was thrown over one shoulder; a scarlet *boina*, or Tam-o'-Shanter, poised coquettishly on his curly head, and he wore sandals like those of Pepita.

"That is the bridegroom that is to be," said Father Tolo. "He is the son of the surgeon, who lives in the great stone mansion on the other side of the stream. That is the home of the bride on this side; the houses happen to stand just opposite each other, and so to honor the occasion a narrow suspension bridge has been swung across the chasm between the balconies. No one has set foot upon it yet, not even the workmen, for ropes were thrown over to the other side and the

bridge hauled into position. The first to cross it will be the young couple after the wedding ceremony."

"See how gayly it is decorated," said Winnie, "with bright bits of tapestry, with garlands of flowers, and ribbon, streamers, flags, and lanterns."

"That is nothing," replied Father Tolo. "Wait until to-morrow, when every inhabitant of this town will decorate his house. There will not be a balcony without its tapestry; not a window without its lighted candle. The young girls are busy now decorating the church with flowers. Everyone assists at a time like this. We are not selfish as in the great cities. The whole village is one great family, ready to share in each other's joys and sorrows."

Father Tolo had reserved rooms for them at the village inn—a wise foresight, for many were being turned away. Dinner was served on a table in the great kitchen not far from the blazing fire where a quarter of mutton and several fowls were roasting on the spit. This fire was not in a regular fireplace, but on a hearth in the center of the room, a strange canopy-like chimney depending over

it. The kitchen was on one side of the entrance hall, on the other was the stable. The sleeping apartments were on the upper floors, and the girls' room had a balcony which overhung the torrent.

The next morning the party took donkeys and rode to the top of the neighboring mountain for the wonderful view away toward the Pass of Roncesvalles, where Roland and his men were buried under the rocks which the Moors hurled down upon them from the heights. Pepita's brother had spread nets here to catch some of the turtle doves that cross the Pyrenees by thousands in the autumn. In the afternoon Father Tolo came to conduct them to the bride's home for the beginning of the wedding ceremonies, which were to last three days.

Pepita's mother welcomed them all, and introduced them to Pepita, who was surrounded by the girls of the village. She was not dressed in bridal costume, but just as they had seen her the evening before, except that she wore all her jewelry, with her mother's Basque cross and heart of gold filigree on the broad band of velvet at her throat; there were gold coins too in her hair,

and a curious gold chain, with its four strands of differently fashioned links, fell over her bodice. A long table laden with good things stretched across the room; hot Spanish wines lay in skins on the gayly striped blanket under which they had been brought over the mountains by mules, now champing in the next room. A whole lamb and rows of the turtle doves which had been caught that morning, fit food for a wedding dinner, were slowly turning on the spit.

When the church bell began to ring an alarm, all of the guests invited by the bride ran hastily into the house, and the heavy doors were shut and barricaded. It was as if a night alarm had been sounded, and they had gathered hastily in a fort to resist the attack of the foe. This was exactly what was intended, for the Basque wedding ceremonies commence with a mock siege. The young men of the town had met at the house of the bridegroom to prepare for the attack. Peeping between the griffins in the wrought-iron balcony railing of the upper windows, the girls could see them lighting their torches at a great bonfire in front of the house and joining in a wild dance, the Saut Basque,

about it. The music was contagious, and the young girls inside the fortress took the same steps around the bride.

Suddenly Pedro, the old musician, sounded attention on his *zam bomba*, or Basque drum, and the noisy chatter ceased; and sentinels were placed at every window and supplied with baskets of cakes, large and round as cannon balls, for a scout had reported the besiegers upon the march. On they came with music, laughter, and shouting, beginning the attack when within a few yards of the house by a discharge of blank cartridges, replied to from the besieged by a volley of cakes. Then the bridegroom advanced, and Pepita appearing at an open window, the two sang a rude duet in which the bridegroom demanded the surrender of the garrison, and the bride replied with taunts and derision, which seemed to goad the attacking party to madness. Some sprang upon the balcony and attempted to carry away Pepita, who was snatched into the fortress by her friends and the window closed. Serenades succeeded, then a display of fireworks followed by more rough sham fighting, in which Father Tolo's umbrella, being used at once as spear and

shield, suffered a broken rib, the only case of wounding on either side. After this the garrison capitulated, Pepita's father issuing with a flag of truce, and returning arm in arm with the bridegroom at the head of the conquerors.

But this was only half the fun. Now that the fort was taken Pepita was still to be found. The band broke up into sacking parties who ransacked the house from garret to cellar. In one of the chambers behind the heavy curtains of the great bedstead was found what appeared to be a bed-ridden old woman, wearing a profusely ruffled nightcap, and still further disguised by bandages across her face. Four of the invaders lifted the mattress by the corners and carried it to the kitchen. With a trembling hand the bridegroom tore away the bandages, and loud was the merriment when there appeared, not the blushing face of Pepita, but the derisive visage of old Pedro the musician. Next, one of the youths staggered in from the stable and laid before the fire a large and suspiciously shaped bundle of straw, which in response to sundry pokes began to roll rapidly over the floor. The cord which bound the bundle was cut and Manuelo, Pepita's younger brother,

arose shaking the straws from his curly locks. Baffled again, the party flew to the top of the house. Had they been among the seekers at Modena, Ginevra would never have remained undiscovered in her chest, for all the coffers were opened and their contents strewed ruthlessly over the floor. One probing in the meal chest was met by the sudden apparition of Father Tolo, throwing about him a dusty cloud as he brandishes the umbrella which had kept the flour from his reverend eyes. Again the *irricina*, or shrill mountain cry, was sounded, summoning all to the kitchen to investigate another discovery. This time one of the young men tottered in bearing upon his shoulders a large sack of charcoal which he had found in an obscure corner of the cellar. The sack was opened, a few pieces of charcoal fell to the floor, and Pepita's still blacker hair was brought to view. Her lover assisted her gallantly from the place of concealment, and they took the seats prepared for them at the head of the table, and a bountiful supper, of which all partook, ended the ceremonies of the first day.

At noon the next day the same party came in soberer guise, and joining the bride and

her friends proceeded to the mayor's office, where the legal requirements were complied with. Then, before entering the church, Pepita, following an ancient custom of the country, knelt in the open street, strewn here with rushes and rose leaves, before an altar improvised from a chair covered with a snowy napkin, and wept real or feigned tears. Each of the company, as they passed into the church, dropped in the wooden plate at her side a copper cent, the only wedding present of the Basque bride. Had she not wept they would have withheld their contributions, deriding her with the worst of reproaches: "Here is a girl who is *glad* to be married." After leaving the church, where the young couple took their vows before Father Tolo, they passed, by way of Pepita's old home, across the swaying bridge to the home of the bridegroom, whose mother showered down from a window several handfuls of wheat (emblem of abundance), saying as she did so, "May abundance be your portion in this house!" After this came more feasting at the expense of the bridegroom's parents, and the dinner was followed by the dancing of the Saut Basque.

Neither of these feasts was the wedding dinner proper. This took place on the third day, the "Day of Rejoicings," at the village inn. To this both families contributed, and it was free to every chance stranger as well as the entire village. This has been the order of a Basque wedding as handed down from the most ancient tradition.

As the dancing maidens and lads recklessly danced backward and forward across the lantern-hung bridge the picture presented was as gay and brilliant as can be imagined, and reminded Winnie of what the marriage of the Cid must have been in the old town of Burgos which they had just visited. The description of the ceremonies on that occasion, as given by Mr. Lockhart in his translation from the old Spanish ballad, offered so many points of resemblance to Pepita's wedding, that the girls were continually quoting lines from it, as they strolled about the streets inspecting the decorations:

Within his hall of Burgos the King prepares a feast;
He makes his preparations for many a noble guest.
It is a joyful city, it is a gallant day,
'Tis the Campeador's wedding, and who will bide away?

Layn Calvo, the Lord Bishop, he first comes forth the gate;
Behind him comes Ruy Diaz in all his bridal state.
The crowd makes way before them as up the street they go;
For the multitude of people their steps must needs be slow.

The King had taken order that they should rear an arch
From house to house all over, in the way that they must march.
They have hung it all with lances and shields and glittering helms,
Brought by the Campeador from out the Moorish realms.

They have scattered olive branches and rushes in the street,
And the ladies fling their garlands at the Campeador's feet.
With tapestry and broidery, their balconies between,
To do his bridal honor, their walls the burghers screen.

With antics and with fooleries, with shouting and with laughter,
They fill the streets of Burgos, and the devil he comes after.
For the King had hired the hornèd fiend for twenty maravedis,
And there he goes with hoofs for toes to terrify the ladies.

Then comes the bride Ximena, the King he holds her hand,
And the Queen and all in fur and pall, the nobles of the land.

All down the street the ears of wheat were round
Ximena flying;
The King lifts off her bosom sweet whatever there is
lying.

"How do you like our Basque wedding customs?" Father Tolo asked, as they watched the dancers from the bridegroom's house on the evening of the second day.

Winnie replied enthusiastically that she would like nothing better than to carry out the entire programme at her own wedding.

"Which will be within the year," said Father Tolo, "if you crossed the bridge with the wedding procession."

"I am afraid your omen is not a true one," said Tib, "for I crossed with Winnie, and I am fully determined to be an old maid, while Milly, who is engaged to be married, was afraid it would make her dizzy, and her parents took her around by the stone bridge below."

"Nonsense!" replied Father Tolo; "there is nothing to be afraid of. Come with me, my child, and I will lead you over. As for the omen, it never fails."

"Try it, Milly," urged Winnie; "I will go with you," and supported by her friend and

by Father Tolo the timid girl made the attempt.

"How beautiful the reflections of the lanterns are, bobbing up and down in the water!" Winnie remarked when they had gone about a third of the way, and Milly thoughtlessly looked down at the dark river, but as she did so she was seized with a sudden tremor. "Look!" she exclaimed, "Someone is lying in the river, someone dead or drowning."

All three incautiously leaned upon the rope which served as a hand-rail, and the bridge lurched to that side so violently that they were nearly precipitated into the water. Father Tolo instantly threw his weight to the other side, and the bridge regained its equilibrium, but Milly, terrified, could not be induced to go further, and they were obliged to conduct her back. "You foolish child," said Winnie, quite vexed; "what you saw was only the reflection of your own face. There was no one in the water, was there, Father Tolo?"

"No," replied the priest, but with strange solemnity; "I saw no one, not even a reflection."

"But I saw a real face, deadly pale, with distorted features; but for all that, had I not known that he was far away I would have thought it was Stacey drowning before my eyes."

"It is an evil omen," said the priest, crossing himself; "would that I had not tempted you upon the bridge!"

"Evil fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Winnie, and with merry jokes and stories she at last succeeded in taking Milly's mind away from the circumstance; though the girls heard her crying piteously in her sleep that night, and when Winnie shook her until she awakened she was still sobbing.

"Oh! that face! that face," she exclaimed. "I shall see it until my dying day."

"Nonsense!" replied Winnie; "when we get back to Madrid there will be a letter waiting for you at the banker's from Stacey, and you will find that he is all right."

The next day they bade good-by to the village and to Father Tolo.

"When shall we see you again, and where?" they asked.

"Perhaps soon," he replied. "I am a good deal of a pilgrim. You are going to Anda-

lusia, you tell me; and about Holy Week I may go to Seville to see the beautiful procession, so that you may see me there or, possibly, in Cadiz."

"Will there be a festa there too at Christmas time?" asked Tib.

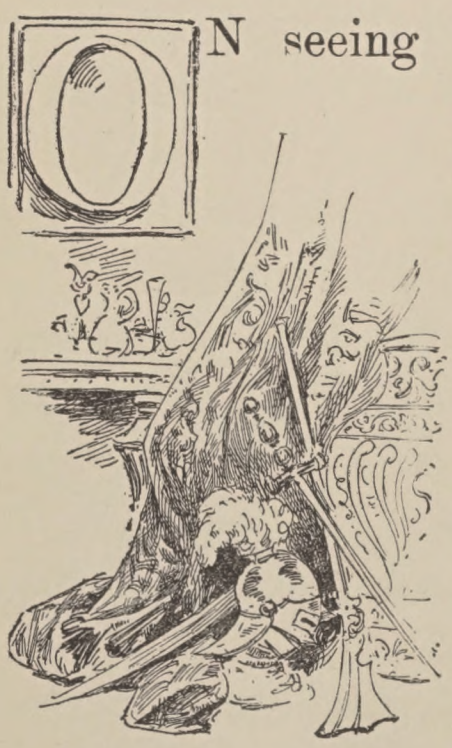
"No; I am going to Cadiz to meet a friend who is coming from Cuba, that is—what am I thinking of to say that! I am going entirely for private reasons—of no consequence to anyone but myself. They would not interest you, and we have in Spain a proverb, *En boca cerrada no entran moscas*—into the closed mouth enter no flies!"

CHAPTER VII.

TOLEDO—CROSS PURPOSES.

Old towns whose history lies hid
  In monkish chronicle or rhyme,—
Burgos, the birthplace of the Cid,
Zamora and Valladolid,
Toledo, built and walled amid
  The wars of Wamba's time.

—LONGFELLOW.



ON seeing Mr. and Mrs. Smith comfortably established in Madrid, Angelo had immediately begun his quest. It was not a difficult one, for he soon ascertained where the Roseveldts and the young ladies under their charge were staying. There was a house opposite with rooms to let, and he secured one whose windows gave ample facilities for observation.

He next dispatched a note to Mr. Smith giving him the information which he had obtained, and, in order to pass away the hours before he could call upon Tib, he determined to make the short excursion to the Escorial. Here fate threw him at once into her company. At first he sprang toward her with all his happiness written in his face; then he remembered that he was in honor bound to speak no word to her, and he rushed as quickly away, vainly hoping that she had not recognized him. He wandered disconsolately about the Escorial, hoping to catch sight of Winnie and to explain the situation to her, but in that vast labyrinth they played fruitlessly at hide-and-seek for the remainder of the day. He had taken it for granted that they were making the usual day's excursion, and he took the train for Madrid which he thought they would be likely to return upon, and was puzzled to catch no glimpse of them.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith, even less fortunate, had presented themselves at Tib's hotel that morning, only to find that the entire party had gone out of town for a few days. They had left the greater part of their baggage,

and their rooms were engaged for another week.

"Patience, Mother," said Mr. Smith cheerily, as he noted the quiver of the little woman's lip. "Saturday is not so far away, and we will go now and see if we can find a restaurant where they sell those serafina celestials."

This was Mr. Smith's rendering of the Spanish name for custards, and it is not surprising that he was unable to make his wishes understood except when he saw the dainty displayed or recognized the name upon the bill of fare.

They wandered disconsolately about the city, taking little interest in its sights, and returning to their hotel discouraged and weary. Mrs. Smith proposed that they should call upon Mr. Angelo and ask his advice, but Mr. Smith was irritable and would not consent to such an advance.

"We know all there is to be known," he said, "and we can take our own advice."

Angelo had returned to his rooms and kept diligent watch of the hotel opposite during all the next morning, but seeing none of the party enter or leave the building his

apprehensions were excited, and in the afternoon he also learned that the American party would not return until Saturday. More magnanimous than Mr. Smith, he at once wrote to him, imparting this information, and assuring him that he would remain upon the watch and notify him immediately of their return.

The total depravity which seemed to rule the sequence of events ordered it that the Roseveldts returned a day earlier than they were expected. The maid immediately informed Tib of a dark-eyed stranger that lived opposite who had made most insistent inquiry for her, and it was not hard for her to guess his identity; but since his strange behavior at the Escorial she had no desire to meet him. The Roseveldts were ready to proceed on their journey, and had simply stopped in Madrid to oblige Winnie and Tib by allowing them time to complete their copies of Velasquez; but a change had come over Tib—she had lost her interest in the paintings at the Museo, and announced herself ready to go on to Toledo. Winnie grumbled and protested, but Tib was obdurate: Madrid was insufferably cold and

disagreeable. She shivered and coughed, and seemed really to have caught cold.

"If you are going to have a cold you would better stay here where we can get a good doctor," Winnie argued; but Tib insisted that there was nothing like a change of air to break up a cold, and that she desired to reach the sunnier and more attractive regions of southern Spain as soon as possible, and Winnie yielded to the stronger will.

Angelo rose the next morning somewhat later than usual and on looking from his window was at first delighted to see standing before the opposite hotel a railway omnibus piled with American baggage. As he looked Mr. and Mrs. Roseveldt, Winnie, Milly, and, finally, Tib issued from the hotel and took their places in the omnibus, changing his pleasure to dismay, for it was evident that they were not arriving but leaving.

Angelo tore through his toilet and rushed into the street, but the omnibus had gone. The porter at the hotel, in consideration of a small gratuity, informed him that the señor and the señoras were bound for Toledo.

Hailing a cab, he followed in hot haste to the station, and, so leisurely are the movements of even railway trains in Spain, that though it had started when he rushed through the wicket, he ran after it and was pulled on board by the guard.

An hour later and Mr. and Mrs. Smith called at the hotel and inquired for their daughter, only to be again disappointed. Mr. Smith saw the tears in his wife's eyes and made a great concession.

"We will go to Mr. Angelo," he said, "and see what he thinks of this turn of affairs; he is not so smart as he thought he was."

But when he ascertained from Angelo's landlady that her lodger had left suddenly that morning, and that the cab driver who took him to the station had returned with the message that he would be back in a few days, Mr. Smith was indignant.

"The rascal has gone off with Tib and her friends," he said angrily. "It is a dishonorable trick, after all his promises, to leave us in the lurch in this way."

If Mr. Smith had known that Angelo while speeding toward the station in the cab

had written him a letter on a leaf of his memorandum book, promising to let him know as soon as he had tracked the fugitives to their next stopping place, and reiterating his assurance that while watching them he would himself remain unseen, the worthy man might still have believed in Angelo's good faith. But the cabman, while pocketing the fee, had not taken the trouble to deliver this letter, as it was not convenient to do so, while Angelo's landlady was a friend of his, on whom he was glad to have an excuse to call.

"What shall we do, Father?" Mrs. Smith asked, recalling the perturbed man to a consideration of the problem before them.

"There is only one thing to be done, Mother; we must just follow on. It's fortunate that woman at their hotel who spoke English knew where they had gone. I wrote down the name of the town, and we will take the first train."

But just here a fatal mistake threw Mr. Smith quite off the track. Another party of Americans had left the hotel that morning, and the woman whom he had questioned

had given him their destination instead of that of the Roseveldt party, and the Smiths set out that afternoon for Cartagena, the very fortified seaport town where Sergeant Cardoza was prowling in search of the dangerous American spies. He had almost given up finding any traces of them, when Mr. and Mrs. Smith, like a couple of innocent and elderly lambs, walked directly into the hyena's lair.

And all this time Tib, quite unconscious that three search parties were independently tracking her footsteps, had settled down with her friends for a residence of a few days at the Inn of the Red Hat in the ancient city of Toledo.

Both Winnie and Tib had looked forward to Toledo with special interest. It is one of the most picturesque cities in Spain. Its situation is most commanding, and when Winnie caught her first sight from a distance of its many towers and ancient walls grouped citadel-like on the rocks, she exclaimed, "Ah! here is something that does not disappoint."

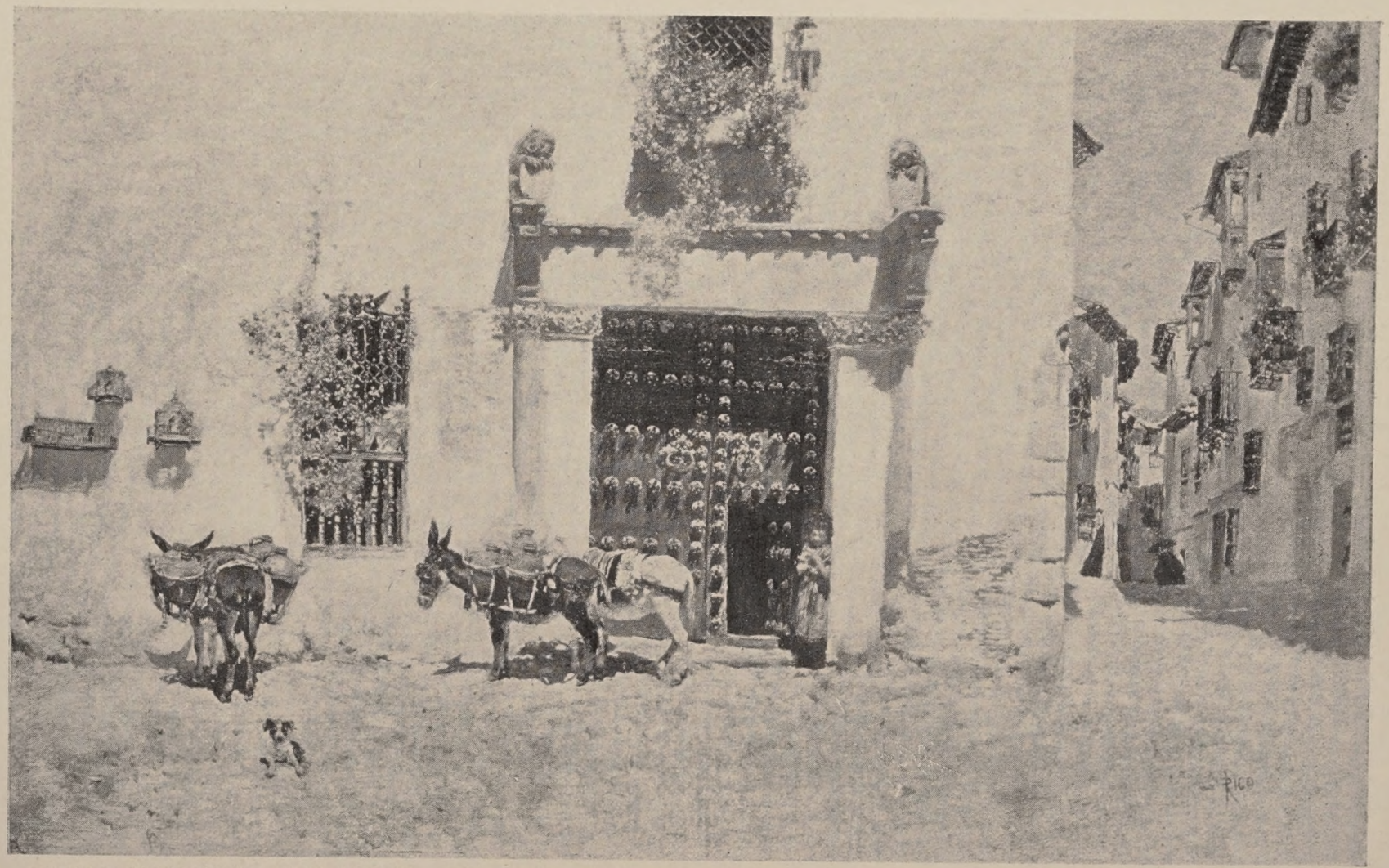
Hans Christian Andersen gave us a true description when he wrote:

Thou chivalrous Toledo,—hail!
Thou quaint old town of bygone days,
Where the Moorish sword-blades shone,
Which all the world had learned to praise.

Here naught but solitude now reigns:
Decayed,—deserted,—silent all!
While Alcazar's windows and doors
From their old rusty hinges fall.

A lordly castle once, is now
A common inn, in vulgar hands,
Yet still the ancient coat of arms
Over the open portal stands.

They entered the city by Wamba's Gate, centuries old, for Wamba was an almost mythical king of the Goths, and the gate was erected in the seventh century, before the coming of the Moors. There are many old Gothic houses still standing with legends of Roderick, but the greater portion of the town is Moorish in character. The streets are crooked and detestably paved, and so narrow that carriages cannot pass each other. The houses are massive and roomy, with interior courts. They were built like fortresses, and the streets, or rather foot-paths, between them were made narrow to keep out alike a hostile enemy and the rays of the Southern sun. It is a silent city, from



PERMISSION OF THE AMERICAN ART ASSOCIATION.

PLAZA, TOLEDO.—By Rico.

the absence of noisy carts. Occasionally a horseman clatters over the cobblestones, but the donkeys, which, with their panniers, are the carriers, move quietly, and but for the street cries of the venders one would never imagine one's self in a city. The Cid was its first alcaide after it was taken from the Moors, and many localities have been little changed since his day.

Winnie and Tib took a long walk the first afternoon after their arrival. They were both deeply interested in the Moorish remains, for the old magician—Angelo's ancestor whose history had absorbed them in Venice—had learned much of his magical lore here. During the Moorish occupation there had been a university for the study of alchemy in Toledo; and the black art was practiced and taught here for many years after the city was nominally Christian.

A guide whom they engaged at the hotel a few days after their arrival showed them an old tower which he said was a relic of the school of magic for which the city was noted in the tenth century.

"Stuff and nonsense!" was Mr. Roseveldt's comment.

"The Señor is incredulous," said the boy coolly; "nevertheless it is true. The Tower of the Magians was famous for the tricks they played within it; I have no doubt Satan was head professor. They say there is a bottomless well in the courtyard from which the old doctors drew fire instead of water."

"Young man," replied Mr. Roseveldt, "reserve such flights of your imagination for English tourists; we are Americans."

"Antonio is right, Mr. Roseveldt," said Winnie. "There was a school of alchemy here, though it was probably only chemistry; the prefix *al*, you know, means *the*. I have been struck with the number of terms we have in chemistry which are derived from the Arabic. There are alcohol, alembic, aludel, alkali, and others; and almanac came to us, I presume, from the astronomer magicians of the Giralda. I have a very deep respect for the learning of those old Saracens. I wish I knew just what experiments they tried in the old Tower of the Magians."

"I'll warrant it was only hocus-pocus to mystify the unlearned," replied Mr. Roseveldt. "Greek fire for the Saracen army,

love philters, elixirs of life, and the gold-transmuting philosopher's stone, and all that sort of humbug."

"It was not all imposture," Tib replied. "Greek fire was gun powder, and they could dissolve gold with mercury and pierce red-hot iron with sulphur. I do not wonder that they believed in their own magical powers."

"What would the old magicians have thought of the miracles of modern science?" Winnie asked. "Take photographic chemistry, for instance. There is something positively uncanny and suggestive of the black art in the way the image comes out upon the negative in the developing tray. Nothing which the alchemists did could have been more like the work of genii. By the way, what an excellent 'dark room' that tower we just passed would make! There is not a single window in its massive walls. Do you know, I believe it *was* a developing room. The enchanter Geber may have worked there. We get our word algebra from a treatise on mathematics which he translated from the Greek, but he was more noted as a chemist, and wrote the oldest existing work

on chemistry, entitled 'The Summit of Perfection.'"

"Was there anything in it on photography?" asked Mr. Roseveldt.

"I am not sure," Winnie replied, "but even if it has not come down to us, there is no proof that such a chapter did not exist in the book. It may have been destroyed by the Inquisition. Perhaps they called Geber's science the *black* art from that very room. I can fancy it hung with black velvet, a faint spark glimmering in a ruby glass suspended in one of those beautiful Oriental lamps. Then, of course, there must have been apparatus of strange shape, and phials filled with potent elixirs, graduating glasses of purest crystal, a trickling fountain, and tanks filled with the wonder-working fluids."

"The Señorita has then visited the Tower of the Magians?" It was Antonio who asked the question.

"No, Antonio. Why do you ask?"

"Because the Señorita has described so precisely the interior. A stranger lives there now who holds no intercourse with the people of Toledo. No, I have not seen the room; but the little Candida, daughter of the

muleteer who keeps his beasts below, climbed into the tower one day when the stranger was absent, and tells me it is fitted up as the Señorita has said, even to the ruby lamp and the strange bottles which were not of the apothecary. If the Señorita would like to see the room, Candida will show it to her sometime when the stranger is absent."

Winnie declined this offer. "The man is probably an innocent photographer," she said, "and I have no desire to pry into his affairs."

"Ah, no!" Antonio replied quickly. "I have been in a photographer's shop. We have one here in Toledo. It is a great sunny room with a glass roof; not a dark tower like this. A room without windows! Surely, those must be evil deeds which hide themselves from the light of heaven! I have seen the man. He came to the Red Hat and was shown our rooms, but when he was asked to sign his name on the hotel register, and saw that the Señorita and her party had arrived that day, he said that the hotel was too popular a place for him, and that he liked not a place where people were continually coming and going and women chattering, and he

asked for some quiet place in the neighborhood. I was standing there ready to bring in his luggage—but here was another strange thing. Though well dressed, he had none—no, not so much as a hand-bag. I did not think of it at the time; I only thought of the rooms in the town that Candida's father desired to rent, and I took him to see them, and strange to say they suited him exactly. And when I asked if I should go to the station for his luggage, he said, 'No; it would come,' and it has; but you will never make me believe by ordinary means. He cannot be an ordinary man, either, to prefer solitude to the society of charming ladies like the Señorita."

"What is the man's nationality?" asked Mr. Roseveldt.

"The patron thinks he may be a Cuban who has come here to plot with the Carlists for the murder of the royal family. But the Cubans speak Spanish better than this man. I say that he is a Moor of Africa who has come back after hidden treasures. When they fled away they took with them maps of their estates and the keys to their dwellings, intending to come again. So I think it may

be some descendant of that old Moorish Governor of Toledo who, when he learned of a conspiracy among the chiefs of the army, invited them all to dine with him in this town; and as they came to dinner they were shown across the courtyard, but the bottomless well was covered with rushes, and down they tumbled to the number of four hundred. It is said that they were all richly dressed, with gems in their turbans, and in the hilts of their swords. Many people have striven to sound the well to bring up their bodies, but none have fished with a long-enough line. But this Moor may be an enchanter who can make the skeletons rise and deliver to him their riches."

"Perhaps," suggested Mr. Roseveldt ironically, "this is the old magician Geber himself who has been walled up all these years and has at last hopped out of his tower as fresh as ever, like a toad from a block of sandstone."

"*Quien sabe?*" Antonio assented. "He is dark enough for a Moor, and the little Candida says he is no Christian; while he may have the power of the evil eye, for his glance is fierce and wicked."

Tib might have had more interest in this conversation if she had realized that its subject was Angelo, who, having arrived in Toledo on the same train with herself, had decided that he could better keep his promise to her father if he did not lodge under the same roof. He had written to Mr. Smith at Madrid, giving him Tib's present address, but as the worried man had left orders to have his mail forwarded to Cartagena, he had not received the information. Angelo had also communicated with his landlady at Madrid, had paid her bill, and had his luggage forwarded to Toledo; and was now whiling away his waiting for Mr. Smith's arrival by taking photographs, after his habit in Venice, of the interesting old houses. He would have been amused by the speculations of Antonio and the little Candida; as it was, he was utterly unconscious of them, and concerned himself chiefly in not being discovered while keeping a watch on the movements of the Roseveldt party. He not infrequently caught glimpses of them: more than once in the beautiful cathedral, that wonder of carving, the oldest and most magnificent in Spain. It was a favorite resort of

Tib's, as of his, and it would greatly have enhanced the pleasure of each if they could have studied it together. Enriched by the great Cardinal Mendoza and the greater Ximenes, and by successive sovereigns, though it has been several times plundered by invading armies, it is still a museum of ecclesiastical art, and, in its grand proportions, one of the most impressive cathedrals in the world. Tib came here regularly twice a day: early in the morning, before meeting her companions, and at vespers; and she experienced a great uplift of soul and a consolation in her bewilderment and pain—a balm which came to her she hardly knew how, not certainly through any spoken word or conscious act of devotion. The very vastness of the building was a comfort. It brooded over her like a sense of God's providence protecting her, and wide-spreading enough to cover all his great human family. She did not know that at the evening service Angelo stole in too and watched her furtively from a distance bringing "the blossoms of romance" and laying them at the gate of heaven. To Angelo the poem of José Zorilla to the Cathedral of Toledo ever after called up this scene.

Through the long nave is heard the measured tread
Of the old priest, who early matins keeps.
His sacred robe, in rustling folds outspread,
Over the echoing pavement sweeps.

Upon the altars burns the holy fire,
The censers swing on grating chains of gold,
And from the farther depths of the dark choir
Chants in sublimest echoings are rolled.

There was another spot that was a favorite of both Tib and Milly, the cloister of the convent of San Juan de los Reyes, built by Ferdinand and Isabella for Cardinal Ximenes and his Franciscan friars. Milly, especially, was fascinated by the elaborate carving in the exuberant style of the later Gothic, and began a water-color study of the semi-tropical foliage of the garden in the lace-like framing white arches, carven in all the exquisite caprice and richness of the Spanish flamboyant architecture. The cloister was too ornate for Tib's severer taste. She did not care to paint it, but she loved to sit here with Milly and read aloud to her while she daintily touched in the deep-red camellia which she had herself placed on the breast of the image of the Virgin under one of the canopied niches, or studied the effect of her sketch with her head on one

side in a pretty, bird-like attitude. To Tib, Milly was the prettiest object there, and she not infrequently laid down her book to make a penciled sketch of one of her bewitching poses.

Among the books which Mr. Roseveldt had brought with him was Sir Arthur Helps' "History of the Spanish Conquest in America." It was from this volume that Tib read to Milly. She found much to admire in what it told her of Father Tolo's hero, Ximenes, and it made the fascinating narrative seem the more real as they realized they were reading it in the cloisters which he had so often paced.

No race of men has at any time been wholly composed of brutes, and it is but justice to the history of the Spaniards in Cuba that we study for a moment with Tib and Milly the character of this remarkable man as given in this admirable book, together with the account of the heroism and self-sacrifice for conscience' sake of another Spaniard, the clerigo Las Casas.

Through the mists of history looms up like a lighthouse the name of one Spaniard who fought for the abolition of Indian slavery—that of the great Cardinal. Helps wrote of

him very justly, "He was 'so clear in his great office.' Peculation, unjust heed of relationship, and mean doings of all kinds must have withered up in his presence. He was like a city on the margin of deep waters, such as Genoa, where no receding tide reveals anything that is mean, squalid, or unbecoming. If Ximenes had lived but a year or two longer, it is not improbable that a widely different fate would have attended the Indian and the negro race"—so wise and thorough were the measures with which he began to suppress Indian slavery, while he discouraged the importation of negroes into the Spanish possessions.

Whan Cuba was colonized by General Velasquez, in 1511, he took with him as clerk and assistant a scholar named Las Casas. The latter writes that he thought of nothing at this time but of making money. He received a large allotment of Indians and employed them in the mines and upon his plantation, though he endeavored to treat them kindly. But he saw that the other Spaniards made no attempt to be humane, but oppressed and ill-treated the poor Indians most shamefully. On one occasion

a noted Indian chief was burned alive. At the stake a priest begged to be allowed to baptize him, that he might go to heaven. The doomed man asked if there were any Spaniards in heaven, and, being answered in the affirmative, replied that he did not wish to go there. But what shocked Las Casas most was a massacre of the Indians which took place before his eyes. The Spaniards had been into the woods on an exploring expedition; and the soldiers, as they marched up a dried water-course, came across some whetstones, on which they proceeded to sharpen their swords. Shortly after this they reached an Indian village. The inhabitants brought the thirsty soldiers water, and then sat down gazing at the strange horses in admiration and wonder. Suddenly a soldier, from no other motive it would seem than a desire to try his newly sharpened sword, began to hack and hew at an unoffending Indian. Instantly the other soldiers caught the warlike fever, and in a few moments nearly the entire village was butchered. Las Casas ran from point to another, striving to prevent the slaughter, and at length it ceased; but he never forgot the sickening sight.

Some time after this Las Casas and his partner gave up their Indian slaves, and Las Casas returned to Spain to lay the cause of the poor Indians before the court. He first saw Bishop Fonseca, who was Minister of Indian Affairs, and told him of the barbarities practiced by the Spaniards, adding that seven thousand children had perished in three months. The Bishop replied haughtily:

"What is this to me? what is it to the King?" at which Las Casas cried passionately: "Is it nothing to your lordship or to the King that all these souls should perish? O great and eternal God! And to whom, then, is it of any concern!"

King Ferdinand had just died, leaving Cardinal Ximenes regent for his grandson, Charles V., who was then but fifteen years old; and to the Cardinal Las Casas determined to go. Ximenes had hitherto taken little interest in the Indians, but what Las Casas told him roused his indignation. He caused all the laws which Ferdinand had had made relating to them to be read in his presence and in that of Las Casas; and the latter told him where the laws were defective and

where they had been disobeyed. Ximenes pronounced the Indians freemen under the old laws, and called a junta for the purpose of arranging new regulations concerning their treatment by the colonists. He ordered that those Indians who had been enslaved should be set at liberty. They were to be governed but with a view solely to their Christianization and civilization. He moreover appointed a lawyer to carry these new laws to the judges in the West Indies, and sent a deputation of Jeronimite monks to attend to the rights of the Indians; and he bade Las Casas watch the execution of his plans. "Be watchful for all," were his parting words—"*Mirad por todos.*"

The grand scheme of liberty which Ximenes had instituted was not likely to be received with favor by the Spanish colonists. The Jeronimites did little of what they were expected to do. The new laws were not enforced, and were afterward repealed. Las Casas returned to Spain to report this ill performance, but the energetic hand which would have carried on the work so well begun lay motionless in death. Ximenes, murmuring "*In te, Domine, speravi*"—"In thee,

O Lord, have I trusted," had breathed his last.

Las Casas did not give up his efforts in behalf of the Indians after the death of his patron.

He attended a great synod of prelates at the City of Mexico, and there succeeded in establishing certain points of astonishing liberality,—considering the fact that the Inquisition was in force in Spain,—among which were:

That all unbelievers, of whatever sect or religion they might be, and whatever sins they might have committed, have nevertheless a just lordship over their own possessions.

Again, that the final and only reason why the Apostolic See had given supreme jurisdiction in the Indies to the Kings of Castile and Leon was that the Gospel might be preached and the Indians converted.

Las Casas' labors in behalf of the South American Indians also were unbounded. He exercised a great influence over Charles V., and died at last, in the midst of his labors, in the ninety-third year of his age. But he had made his mark: even Philip IV. appointed an officer in every viceroyalty to

journey through the country and annul slavery everywhere.

Winnie was interested in these readings for a more personal reason than the other girls. "Las Casas reminds me of Van," she said: "Van has just such a strong sense of duty to help anyone who is abused or distressed. If there were any slaves on that plantation in Cuba to which he is entitled he would have nothing to do with it. He had a deep sympathy for the Cuban cause, too, and felt that the poor creoles had been shamefully oppressed by the Spaniards. I am afraid he will tell Don Juan so to his face, if he gets my letter and joins us to investigate his claims. Just think, he may be in Seville when we arrive there! At any rate, we shall all have letters. You, Milly, are sure of a batch of them from Stacey, and Tib from her parents. How happy we shall be when we receive our first mail from America! I can hardly wait to make the visit we promised the Silvas at Cordova, and would not, were it not that I must look up this Cuban matter for Van. Then, too, if we went straight on to Seville there would not have been time for answers to have come

from any letters which we have written since we decided to come to Spain."

Their life in Toledo was so agreeable that the party lingered there longer than they had intended. Mr. Roseveldt indulged his fancy for armor by purchasing a collection of fine old Toledo swords, for whose manufacture the city was once so celebrated —a Toledan blade rivaling in elasticity the famous Damascus scimiters. He spent much of his time at the modern manufactory of arms, talking with the experts in the different departments, and he was especially interested in the artistic damascening or inlaying of gold, silver, and niello in arabesque designs. Some of the swords had mottoes enameled on their blades. "Do not draw me without reason, nor sheathe me without honor," was a favorite, as was the chivalric "In defense of my lady."

Mr. Roseveldt bought one bearing this motto, and gave it to Milly. "I don't see what I am to do with such a thing," she pouted.

"Oh! don't you?" replied her father. "I thought possibly you might like a few little souvenirs to give away to friends on your

return home. Not to anyone in particular, of course, but just the four hundred ordinary friends like Stacey Fitz Simmons."

One day as they were returning from the convent of San Juan de los Reyes, Tib noticed a gypsy camp near the river. She was always interested in these picturesque people, and she approached one cart under which some dogs were tethered. A swarthy man with long unkempt locks met her. There was something familiar in his aspect, but it was not until he was joined by his wife that Tib recognized the dog trainer of the little community of traveling mountebanks whom she had first seen at Fontainebleau. Nagy Pal was a Hungarian gypsy. He had been a partner with Lizi's father in the *Variétées Amusantes*, or puppet and dog theater, in the old days; but had formed a new combination now, having married the serpent charmer, and they were making a trip through Spain intending to visit some gypsy relatives at Granada.

"It is an evil country," Nagy Pal assented, "and a more evil people. For they care for no beasts but bulls, and no amusements but those of the arena. I set up my show at the

gates of the bull-ring at Madrid, but though my wife appeared on the platform with the great boa around her neck, and danced the scarf dance with it, which is one of our greatest attractions, and I howled myself hoarse telling them of the wonderful feats which would be performed inside the tent, not one entered. They all streamed stupidly into the bull-ring to witness the slaughter of beeves. I trust you were not there," he added, "for I cannot conceive how refined women can bear to look upon such a spectacle."

"No, indeed!" Tib replied; "none of us cared to go to see the bull-fight; *that* is an institution of the country which we are very well content to miss; but if you give an entertainment of your dogs here we will all attend it, and will talk about it too."

Tib was as good as her word and collected quite an audience from tourists at the hotel for the performance of the trained dogs, thereby winning the heartfelt gratitude of Nagy Pal and his wife. They were happy that there was a prospect of meeting again at at Granada. "I will bring my sister to see you there," the dog trainer said, "and you shall

paint her, for she was the handsomest girl in our tribe. The gypsies of Spain are a different family from our people; but we are all of the Romany nation, and all speak Romany, and sometimes we stray into each other's *foros* and visit each other. It was so with my brother-in-law. He had wandered far from home, even to Buda Pesth, when he met our people; but we took him in and he traveled with us one season, and when he went away he took my sister with him as his wife. It is five years since I have seen them, but I am sure of a welcome, for the Children of Egypt never forget either their friends or their enemies."

Angelo, who had waited very impatiently all this time for the coming of the Smiths, at length returned to Madrid to search for them, only to find that they had left the city at about the same time as himself, and that their destination was Cartagena. He could not imagine what had occasioned this erratic move on the part of the Smiths, and he was gravely anxious for their safety, for Americans were beginning to be regarded with decided disfavor by Spaniards. His duty to go in search of them seemed plain, but

Toledo was on the route to Cartagena, and he determined to stop over long enough to have an interview with Winnie and tell her everything.

On inquiring for her at the Red Hat he was received by Mrs. Roseveldt, who informed him that both Winnie and Tib had gone on to Cordova to visit some Spanish friends. Angelo had never before met Mrs. Roseveldt, and, though he explained that he had become acquainted with Miss DeWitt and Miss Smith in Venice, he could not confide to her the peculiar complications of the situation as he would have done to Winnie; but he told her of the presence of Tib's father and mother in Spain, and of their fruitless efforts to find their daughter; and Mrs. Roseveldt's sympathies were keenly aroused.

"I will write them at once to join us in Seville," she said. "We shall leave Toledo in a few days, take up the girls at Cordova, and go directly to Seville, where we plan to remain for some time."

Angelo bowed. "An excellent plan if the letter reaches them, but they may have left Cartagena."

"Do you imagine that you will meet them?" Mrs. Roseveldt asked.

"I am on my way to Cartagena," Angelo replied; "and I will be grateful if you will beg Miss Smith to have no uneasiness about her parents. I pledge my word to find them and bring them to Seville within a few days."

Mrs. Roseveldt looked at him kindly; light was beginning to break upon her mind.

"You seem very fond of Mr. and Mrs. Smith," she said. "I admire Mrs. Smith myself, but have always thought her husband a little brusque."

"He is a porcupine," Angelo replied, forgetting himself for the moment, "and I shall get my hands well pricked for saving him from the hunters, but what of that! She cares for him, and anything she loves is sacred to me."

"You speak of the hunters," said Mrs. Roseveldt. "Will you tell me what you mean by that phrase?"

"Only that Spanish officials regard Americans with suspicion, and while we were in Barcelona I am certain that Mr. Smith was watched and followed. I would advise you to be careful not to provoke animosity by

any display of patriotism. You are probably spied upon by your domestics, who report your conversation and your correspondence to officials."

"Thank you for the warning, but we have no domestics, though my husband has thought of engaging the hotel porter Antonio to act as courier and valet for the remainder of the journey. He has shown such an interest in our comfort we consider him remarkably devoted."

If Mrs. Roseveldt could have seen her faithful servitor at that moment, as, crouched on the balcony just outside the open window, he listened to the conversation, she might have put a different estimate upon his character.

"Caramba!" Antonio muttered to himself. "The sorcerer is then warning the Señora against me. *Excellentissima perfecta!* He is no sorcerer, but a Cuban conspirator. They are all conspirators. Ah! I understand now why the Señor has been buying swords, why he haunts the *fabrica d'armas* to learn the secret of their making. It is that the Americans may make such swords and cut our throats therewith. Ah! Señorita, I will indeed accompany you on your travels; would that I could make two men of myself and

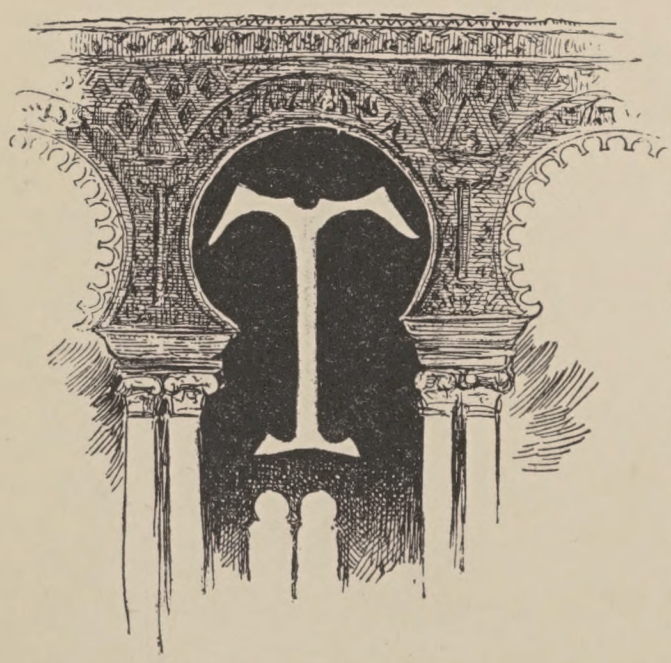
follow the Cuban as well. But he swore that he would join them in Seville, and I shall have him then; and the little Candida has removed all the photographic negatives and plates which he has taken while in Toledo from his baggage, so that he will have no information of that kind to send to the enemy. The Americans are a sly people, but they cannot outwit the Spaniards."

CHAPTER VIII.

CORDOVA.

There Cordova is hidden among
  The palm, the olive, and the vine;
Gem of the South, by poets sung,
And in whose mosque Almanzor hung
As lamps the bells that once had rung
  At Compostella's shrine.

—LONGFELLOW.



HE gas-lights sparkled along the Paseo del Gran Capitan, as though the street, named for King Ferdinand's famous Knight Gonsalvo of Cordova, had been specially illuminated to celebrate their *entrée.*

They had been met at the station by Don

Juan Perez de Silva and his wife, the Señora Ximena, who now reposed in a languorous but elegant attitude on the opposite seat of the old family landau. Winnie imitated their pose of graceful nonchalance with entire success, but Tib sat rigidly upright, uncomfortably conscious that they were in traveling costume and had had a dusty railroad journey.

They were soon in the midst of a procession of open carriages moving slowly in the direction of a kiosk in the center of the beautiful park-like avenue where a band was discoursing operatic airs.

The avenue had a strip of a park in the middle planted with rows of orange trees and Japanese medlars; innumerable gas jets twinkled amid the shrubbery; the ladies and gentlemen in the victorias were in full dress; there was a flutter of fans, the odor of flowers; and the blue dome of heaven hung its lustrous star-lamps over all.

Tib wished that the coachman would drive more rapidly, or that he would turn off into one of the side streets and hurry them away from the many curious eyes. But presently the procession came to a halt, and Don Juan

alighted in order to pay his respects to a lady in another carriage; while another gentleman entered theirs, just as with us gentlemen call at their friends' boxes at the opera. The visitor was slight and dark, and wore a great many diamonds. When it was explained to him that Winnie and Tib were Americans he shook his hands, tragically demanding why they were impoverishing him by robbing him of his estates in Cuba. Winnie protested in French that, whatever the attitude of the United States Government, she was not personally responsible for it, whereat he relapsed into silence, glowered gloomily at them for a few moments, and then ceremoniously took his departure.

"I fear that we shall be embarrassing guests," Winnie remarked to the Señora Silva. "Has the poor man lost much by the insurrection in Cuba?"

"Don José has no financial interests whatever in Cuba, and he is immensely wealthy; but he fancies that he shows his patriotism by protesting against the encouragement which he believes the United States has given to the rebellion in Cuba."

Tib was about to speak up hotly in favor

of Cuban independence, but Winnie clasped her hand firmly, and realizing that she would only offend her hostess, without doing any good to the cause which she championed, she was discreetly silent.

Don Juan returned after a brief absence, and invited his wife and the girls to accompany him to some little tables in the shrubbery where ices were being served. More friends joined them here—one jaunty young fellow in a frogged velvet jacket: a student on vacation, Señora Silva explained. He had his guitar with him, and favored them with several songs in the intervals of the music given by the band, tucking his cigarette over his ear while he sang. Don Juan had ordered a mysterious sweetmeat of frozen melon, called *horchata de chufa*, but the young troubador insisted that they should try also a *dulce de azahar*, peculiar to Cordova, and made of orange flowers. It was the girls' first glance at witty and romantic Andalusia. They could not understand all that was said, but the laughter rippling continuously around showed that playful badinage was being tossed back and forward.

The student began a song whose import was: "It is better to love a dog than to love a woman; for a piece of gold a woman will leave you in grief, while the affection of a dog is endless."

The Señora Silva caught the guitar from his hand and replied in the same vein: "It is better to feed a dog than to feed a man, for with a piece of meat a dog will leave you in peace, while the hunger of a man is endless." The young man laughingly acknowledged himself outdone, but the Señora made her peace by inviting him to call the next day and try her own *dulces*, which she assured him were far superior to those just served them. Then for the first time she noticed that the girls were weary, and, signaling to her coachman, ordered him to drive home. Even here there was much ceremony before they were allowed to retire; and Winnie yawned audibly almost before their door closed on their overkind hostess; while Tib declared that twenty-four hours more of such interchange of compliment would kill her.

After the morning chocolate, which was served in their rooms, the girls descended to

the *patio*, or courtyard garden. There was a pretty fountain here in the midst of a bed of datura, whose white, trumpet-like flowers gleamed like marble lilies contrasted with the deep crimson of the cacti blossoms. A maid who was feeding the canaries, whose cages hung in the arches of the cloister-like porch, slipped into the house and informed the Señora that the Señoritas had descended, and presently both their host and hostess joined them. Don Juan congratulated them on their habit of early rising, and advised them to accompany him at once for a walk before the sun had heated the air.

The daylight showed them a Moorish-Spanish town with narrow winding streets, detestably paved, a runnel of dirty water meandering between the cobblestones. All the illusion and glamour which the evening had lent to the Paseo del Gran Capitan had gone out with the gaslights. They hardly recognized it in its deserted condition: not a carriage in sight, no musicians in the kiosk, and the chairs set on top of the tables. The leaves of the oranges and medlars were white with dust, and the ground was littered with refuse. They turned quickly from the broad

paseo into narrower and older streets, where the windowless houses on either side, some of them built by the Moors and all following the Moorish pattern, made them feel that they were wandering in a city of fortresses. But archways here and there gave vistas of *patios* like the Silvas'—veritable bouquets of delicate tints massed beneath Oriental palms and tree-ferns.

They crossed the ancient bridge which spans the Guadalquivir, the foundations laid by the Romans and the arches built by the Moors in the eighth century.

"That is our oldest monument," Don Juan explained. As they stood upon the balcony formed by the central pier, and looked down upon the laundresses spreading their linen upon the banks, and, turning, watched the market carts moving lazily toward the city, the whole effect was one of gentle, sleepy country life, and they could hardly realize that this almost dead and buried town was once a busy and populous city, the magnificent metropolis of the Moors.

But the moment that they entered the great mosque (for, in spite of centuries of Christian "restoration" and mutilation, it is

still more of a mosque than a Christian church), Winnie felt that the Spanish life of the day had vanished, and that only that Moorish period held the real Cordova.

The Caliphate's greatest Sultan, Abdurrhaman, began the building, drawing the plan and working daily with the mason's trowel in hand, while eight Caliphs in succession carried on its erection. Abdurrhaman's own revenues amounted to twenty-five millions of dollars yearly, and the mosque was his heir.

A sense of almost illimitable extent is given by its immense width and depth: over a thousand columns of vari-colored marbles gathered from many lands form fifty-two intersecting naves, among which one wanders as in a marble forest.

Under the Caliphate, Don Juan told them, ten thousand eight hundred and five lamps burned nightly a thousand pounds of oil perfumed with frankincense.

Christian lack of taste has done much to disfigure this unique building. An enormous choir has been raised in the center, barring the vista and interfering with the grand unity and simplicity of the original design. It is true that the wonderful carved seats,

the illuminated mediæval missals and choir books have an interest of their own, but the girls felt that they were out of place here. Wandering in the dim twilight, they interested themselves in searching out the distinctively Moorish portions, and they agreed that the building reached its fullest flowering of beauty in the three exquisite arches of the Mihrab, or sanctuary in which the Koran was kept. These arches were faced with Byzantine mosaic of the most perfect workmanship. Blues and greens blend as in a vase of the most equisite *cloisonné* enamel, the whole a piece of artistic jewelry unsurpassed in the world.

Don Juan told them that when the brother of the Emperor of Morocco visited the mosque he made the circuit of the Mihrab on his knees weeping and smiting his breast as he thought of the lost glories of his people. He might well have had such a dream as Heine attributes to Almanzor: that the pillars, sentient creatures, weary of supporting the Christian dome, waited not for the coming of some Moorish Samson to throw them down—but prostrated themselves of their own accord.

In Cordova's grand cathedral
Stand the pillars thirteen hundred;
Thirteen hundred giant pillars
Bear the cupola, that wonder.

And on walls and dome and pillars,
From the top to bottom winding,
Flow the Arabic Koran proverbs,
Quaintly and like flowers twining.

Moorish monarchs once erected
This fair pile to Allah's glory;
But in the wild whirl of ages
Many a change has stolen o'er it.

On the minaret, where the Mollah
Called to prayer amid the turrets,
Now the Christian bells are ringing
With a melancholy drumming.

In Cordova's grand cathedral
Stands Almanzor ben Abdullah,
Silently the pillars eying,
And these words in silence murmuring:

"O ye strong and giant pillars,
Once adorned in Allah's glory,
Now ye serve, and deck while serving,
The detested faith now o'er us!"

. . . . .

And he hears the giant pillars
Their impatient anger murmur;
Longer they will not endure it,
And they tremble and they totter,

And they wildly clash together,
Deadly pale are priest and people,
Down the cupola comes thundering
And the Christian gods are grieving.

In sanctity this mosque held second rank only to Caaba of Mecca, and it was held equal in honor to the Al Aksa of Jerusalem. In richness and beauty it was first of all the temples of Islam. Its pulpit of ivory, jewels, and the most precious woods was fastened together with gold nails, and is said to have been worth a million dollars. There were unnumbered golden vessels, curtains, and veils of golden tissue.

"How is it," Winnie asked, "that while we are familiar with the beauties of the Alhambra through literature, as well as with the conquest of Granada, so little has been written of the glory of the Hispano-Arabic dynasties?"

"It is the old fable," Don Juan replied, "of the picture of the man killing the lion. If the artist had been a lion the scene would have been represented differently. Spanish history brings very vividly to our imaginations the last struggle, four hundred years ago, when Isabella the Catholic led the chiv-

alry of Spain into Granada; but of the defeat of Roderick and seizure of Spain by the Moors in the year 711, and the long and magnificent reign of the Spanish-Arabian Caliphs which followed, she is remarkably silent. Take the history of Abdurrhaman I., the founder of the Caliphate of Cordova. What an exciting and brilliant romance for such a writer as your Washington Irving! But to find its record one must read not Spanish history but old Arabian chronicles. A revolution had taken place in Damascus, and according to the simple mode of settling difficulties (in regard to future claimants) prevailing at that time, all the Ommiades, the family of the deposed monarch, were massacred. One, however, escaped and remained in hiding among the Barbary Arabs.

"Up to this time Spain had been governed by emirs, or viceroys, subject to the Caliphs of Damascus. But when this revotion occurred the emirs, faithful to their old Sultan, invited the refugee in 755 to the throne of Spain. He brought to the young West all the learning and elegance of the Orient, and he founded a dynasty of almost fabulous splendor; but he was a warrior as

well, and settled the boundaries of his kingdom with Charlemagne by defeating his army at Roncesvalles."

Leaving the mosque Don Juan led them back to his home by a circuitous walk on the city walls, erected by the Moors on the remains of the old Roman wall built by Cæsar. They passed the ancient Alcazar raised by the Moors on the site of the castle of Roderick, the last of the Goths, and later the court of the Inquisition. From the roof of one of the towers they gained a beautiful view of the city. This fortress, Don Juan informed them, was the barracks of the mounted bodyguard of the Caliph—"twelve thousand horsemen whose belts and scimiters were studded with gold."

After returning to the house, where luncheon had been awaiting them for some time, their host brought to the table from his library a history by the Arabian Ashshakandy, and translated for them bits of description of the Moorish Cordova. The Arab writer stated that he had traveled ten miles through the city and its two suburbs, by the light of lamps, along an uninterrupted extent of buildings; and that it contained

six hundred mosques, eight hundred schools, nine hundred public baths, eighty thousand shops, two hundred and sixty-three thousand houses, six hundred inns, a library of six hundred thousand volumes, and one million inhabitants, while it was the capital of a kingdom containing three thousand towns and villages, of which eighty were cities.

"I have heard," said Tib, "that each city of Arabian Spain had its specialty in learning. We have found that Toledo was noted for its school of magic, which was probably an academy of natural science with a strong partiality for chemistry. What were the departments favored by the other cities?

"When the mixed army of Saracen adventurers first conquered Spain," Don Juan replied, "Toledo fell into the hands of the Magians from Persia, and it speedily obtained fame for its proficiency in the occult sciences.

"Ten thousand horsemen of Irak, the most noble of Arab tribes, settled in Granada and early introduced the arts of decoration and luxury. Seville was noted for its mathematicians and musicians. The Giralda still lifts its slender campanile, the first astro-

nomical observatory in Europe. The Moors brought their astronomy from Ur of the Chaldees, and the principles of Geber were applied and astronomical tables formed in the Giralda which register minute calculations with marvelous accuracy. Algebra, though bearing now its Arabian name (*Al-gebra*, the works of Geber), is modestly acknowledged to have been only translated by that mathematician from the Greek; and Greek works upon conic sections lost in the original have been recovered in their Arabic translations.

"Botany was set in order as a science by Al Bithar of Malaga. The royal legion of Damascus was assigned to Cordova, and this city at once became the capital and prided herself on leading the others in general culture as well. Situated between Toledo and Malaga, she profited by the medical discoveries if the herbalists of the latter city and the pharmacists of the chemical faculty of Toledo. Cordova contained fifty-two hospitals, and her doctors became so celebrated that Don Sancho el Gordito, King of Leon, being dropsical, came here to consult the Moorish physicians, and was hospitably entertained by the Sultan, who chivalrously

sent his enemy home in safety with his doctors' bill receipted in full.

"But Cordova was too general in her culture to confine herself to medicine. Her authors, poets, romancers, historians, and philosophers led the Caliphate. She was the literary metropolis of the time. Some three hundred authors and scribes swarmed the great library—translating, transcribing, criticising, commentating, plagiarizing, praising the works already written and swelling the enormous number by their own original productions. Every man in Cordova was a book collector, and authorship must have been a lucrative calling, for manuscripts were sold at auction for fabulous prices. One learned scribe records that he long wished to possess a certain work, when one day he saw it offered at a public auction; it was speedily run up to an extravagant sum, and was finally knocked down to a man who he knew could not read. He asked him why he was so anxious to obtain this book. The illiterate collector replied that he had set his heart on possessing a library of a thousand volumes, that he had for some time lacked but one of the desired number, but

had been unable anywhere to find a book for sale; and he had determined when one was offered him, be it what it might, he would obtain it regardless of the cost. It was the age of Haroun al Raschid of Bagdad, the hero of the Arabian Nights and the greatest patron of his time of the arts and sciences. This Sultan of Sultans never made a journey without a hundred men of science in his train, and a private doctor refused the invitation of the Sultan because a caravan of four hundred camels would have been required to carry his books."

The visit at the Silvas' was not entirely devoted to antiquarian disquisitions on the glories of the Caliphate of Cordova. Don Juan brought out the old title deeds to the family estates in Cuba and a map of the different plantations included in the inheritance of the missing Bautista. "They are sugar plantations," he explained, "and very valuable; but because none of our family have cared to become 'Peninsulaires,' as the Spaniards who live in Cuba are called, they have been rented to native Cubans, who of late years have become insurgents and have sent us no revenues.

"If your betrothed, who is without doubt a descendant of the lost Bautista, will go out to Cuba and will look after the estates, rendering to us during our lives the percentage of the profits in working them, which I have explained in this letter, after our death they shall be his unconditionally. I have written a letter also to General Blanco, who will establish him in his rights. We have no children nor any near relatives, and my wife and I are strongly drawn to you. We adopt you from this time as our daughter, and some day we may go out to visit you in your Cuban home."

While Winnie was deeply touched by this proof of the affection of her Spanish friends, she was not at all sure that Van could be induced to accept the plantation with the conditions entailed upon them, because of the injustice which such appropriation would be toward the present holder. Don Juan continued his statement of the situation, with no appreciation of the fact that in this case legal right was not moral right.

"The young Cuban," he explained, "whose family have farmed the estates for so long that he seems to think they belong to him,

is named Hilario Lopez. Although he was known to be of revolutionary opinions, he did not join the insurgents-in-arms, but remained on his sugar plantation, carrying on its cultivation until attacked by a band of General Weyler's soldiers, who killed his father and brother, burned his home, mills, and other buildings, and drove his female relatives into the nearest trocha or fortified town. These were harsh measures, for which General Weyler has been criticised even here, but what would you? War is not a dancing party among friends! This Hilario Lopez of whom I tell you escaped to the insurgent army. He may be killed by this time. At any rate, your friend will find no difficulty in maintaining his right to the estates."

Winnie was interested in what Don Juan had told her of Lopez, and tried to bring him to consider the matter from the Creole's standpoint: but interest had so warped Don Juan's sense of justice that he would not acknowledge that the Cubans had any personal or political rights. Although himself a Republican, he could not see that a republic of its own could be a possible thing for Cuba, and he became so excited during

the discussion that Winnie was sorry she had mooted the subject.

That afternoon young Luiz Garcia, the student whom they had met the evening before, called to claim Doña Ximena's promise to let him taste some of her *dulces* and to pay his compliments to the young American ladies.

A driving excursion was arranged for the following day to some Moorish mines in the suburbs, where, it was agreed, they would picnic, taking their siesta at a convent hospice in the neighborhood, and returning in the cool of the evening.

Luiz was a cheerful companion, full of gay quips and jokes and songs. He was delighted that they were going still further south.

"From Seville you must certainly make an excursion to Cadiz," he said, "for it is there I am studying medicine, and it will give me pleasure to show you the city. It is but a pleasant sail down the Guadalquivir from Seville, and it is the pearl of Spain."

"It is hardly probable that we shall visit Cadiz," Winnie replied, "as from Seville we wish to go to Granada to see the beautiful Alhambra."

This remark set Don Juan off again upon his hobby of Moorish archæology.

"Ah, yes; the Alhambra of Granada is indeed a wonder worth seeing," he said; "but these ruins, that are to-day only grass-grown mounds, were once the Alhambra of Cordova—a still more marvelous palace."

"Do tell us about it," Tib said, but Luiz Garcia made a little grimace, for he did not share Don Juan's enthusiasm.

"The Alhambra of Cordova," said Don Juan, not noticing Luiz, "was destroyed in the year 1009 and has passed into the realm of myths; if one-half of the fabulous-sounding glories which are assigned to it were authentic, it must have far surpassed in beauty the wonderful palace of Granada. It was built by the Caliph Annasir in honor of an odalisque named Zehra. It was a city in itself. Its building occupied twenty-five years; some authorities say forty, but in that case Sultan and favorite must have grown sadly old ere its completion. The triumph of the whole was a pavilion called the Gold Salon, as the arabesques of its dome were incrusted with gold and jewels. An alabaster basin into which fell a fountain of quick-

silver occupied the center of the apartment. It is said that when the Caliph wished to dazzle his friends he invited them to this salon and, ordering the vast number of lamps to be lighted, would enjoy their surprise as the light was flashed back by iridescent lusters and sparkling jewels and the gorgeous gilding of the stucco outlined itself in lines of fire, while glittering draperies of gold and silver brocade and the kaleidoscopic colors and patterns of the mosaics on the wall and of the Persian rugs were repeated in endless vistas by vast mirrors. Just as the dazzled eyes of his guests had recovered from their first surprise, and had begun to observe in detail these bewildering objects, the Sultan would order the quicksilver fountain to be turned on. The shock of seeing the hall with its contents mirrored in rapidly changing fragments was so great that those who beheld it for the first time hardly ever failed to fall upon their faces, fancying that the entire palace was crashing down about them."

The Señora's *dulces* were served again for their luncheon, and, after a pleasant rest in the cool cloisters of the convent, the party

drove back in the lovely Andalusian twilight.

"How absurd it is to think that anyone should imagine that there could be war between our countries!" Winnie said.

"Impossible, if the Americans are all like you, Señorita," said Luiz Garcia gallantly.

The next day the Roseveldts arrived in Cordova and, after a visit to the mosque and a call at the Silvas', carried Tib and Winnie away with them to Seville.

Their Spanish friends accompanied them to the station, Luiz Garcia loading them with flowers and candy, while the Señora contributed a pot of *dulces* and Don Juan placed in Winnie's hands the credentials which Van was to give to General Blanco. "Send them to him," he said, "in case he has sailed to America and cannot visit me here."

"He will be very grateful," Winnie replied; "and you are sure to like Van better than you do me. I am positive too that you will see him very soon, for I would not be surprised if we found him waiting for us in Seville, and if so I will send him directly to you."

"What a different experience we have had of Spanish character," Winnie said to Tib as they steamed away with the "Adios, adios! Feliz viaje!" of their friends ringing in their ears.

"We had always thought the Spaniards were reserved and distrustful, that their protestations of friendship were mere commonplaces of expression, and that they were slow to take people really into their hearts."

"All Spaniards may not be like the De Silvas," Tib replied; "and then, Winnie, no one can resist *you*."

"No flattery," Winnie replied. "The solid fact still remains that we have met the most spontaneous hospitality, the deepest confidence and generosity, from two representatives of widely differing classes of the Spanish people,—the Northern peasant and the southern hidalgo,—and I find them both charming."

CHAPTER IX.

SEVILLE.

The softer Andalusian skies
  Dispelled the sadness and the gloom;
There Cadiz by the seaside lies,
And Seville's orange orchards rise,
Making the land a paradise
  Of beauty and of bloom.

—LONGFELLOW.

SERGEANT CARDOZA, pining and fretting, tramped up and down the railway station at Cartagena.

He had been there for several days watching the arrival of every train, for though he had made a thorough inspection of the hotels, and had patrolled the fortifications where he had expected to come upon the American spies making their

PERMISSION OF THE AMERICAN ART ASSOCIATION.

SUBURB OF SEVILLE.—By Rico.

dangerous drawings, he had as yet failed to discover them.

He was all the more angry because his reputation was at stake. Although in the regular army, he was a born detective, and had a peculiar talent for recognizing spies. He had discovered several, and his commandant recognized his ability, and frequently detailed him for this special duty. He trusted more to instinct than to reasoning, and he had had a strong instinctive feeling that Cartagena, as the most important port and naval arsenal of Spain, would be the place where he would find his victims busily picking up information. He was obliged at last to confess himself mistaken, and was about to relinquish the search, for he had just received an important communication from his chief telling him of a still more dangerous individual supposed to be traveling incognito in Spain for whom he was requested to keep a sharp lookout. This was the Cuban, Hilario Lopez, whose wife and children had been starved to death in consequence of General Weyler's orders, and who had followed the general to Spain with the avowed intention of assassinating him.

The description given of Lopez was distinctive in but one particular: A young man, dark complexion, black hair and eyes, slight physique, gentlemanly manners, and has *a serpent tattooed like a bracelet around his left wrist.* Would probably land at Gibraltar and proceed to Cadiz, where he would meet accomplices. Then might be expected to follow General Weyler's movements.

There was nothing in this description to suggest Winnie and Tib, for whom he had been searching, and yet he unreasoningly connected the two. He had heard Cadiz mentioned in the letter that was read when he was listening behind the fortifications at Montjuich. As he understood what he had heard, it was here that Commodore Fitz Simmons was to meet his correspondent. Was it not possible that these Americans were the young Cuban's accomplices referred to in the letter of instruction from Sergeant Cardoza's chief? He had just decided to set out for Cadiz, when Mr. and Mrs. Smith alighted from the train at Cartagena and approaching him asked if he could direct them to a good hotel.

He recognized them with a start. These were the people whom he had seen in Barcelona and who were then looking for the American spies. He could hardly refrain from arresting them on the spot, but he reflected that he would be more likely to secure the principal criminals if he worked himself into the confidence of these people, secured all the information in their possession, and used them as decoys. He accordingly devoted himself most politely to their comfort, securing pleasant quarters for them, and escorting them during their search expeditions. Sergeant Cardoza could not quite make up his mind whether Mr. Smith's simplicity was real or assumed.

The good man confided his entire history and that of the Roseveldt party to the sergeant, thereby greatly increasing his mystification. It was just possible that they might all be just what Mr. Smith represented, innocent tourists and art students. Again, and this seemed probable as he thought of the suspicious letter, the young girls might be spies, and this simple old man have no idea that his daughter was implicated in such schemes. Still again, and this was the

most disquieting possibility of the three, he might be the deepest and most dangerous conspirator of them all, striving to throw detection off the track.

Mr. Smith had much to say of Angelo, who had deserted him, and whom he expected to find here with his daughter, and against whom he professed to be much incensed. Now, if the last of the three possibilities was the correct one, neither the Roseveldt party nor this Mr. Angelo had any intention of coming to Cartagena, and the wily Mr. Smith was simply throwing him off the scent. Wherever they were they would surely communicate with each other, and Sergeant Cardoza watched the mails.

Mr. Smith wrote no letters, but the sergeant found one for him at the post-office which had been forwarded from Madrid. It was Angelo's letter from Toledo, announcing that he had traced Tib to the Inn of the Red Hat and was keeping watch over her from the Magians' Tower. "I await your arrival with great impatience," Angelo wrote, "for I shall not make any demonstration until you come."

These words had an immense effect on the

detective. His intuitions had not failed him. This Mr. Angelo was without doubt the Cuban assassin, and the "demonstration" to which he referred must mean the assassination of General Weyler, who was expected to pass through Toledo shortly on his way to Madrid. That Angelo had entered Spain by Barcelona instead of by way of Cadiz was no proof against his identity with Hilario Lopez, who would doubtless try to disappoint expectation in his movements. The description of the Cuban would fit Angelo as Cardoza had noticed him before Fortuny's picture in the Parliament House.

The hyena determined to go at once to Toledo, but, in order to induce the Smiths to go with him, he carefully resealed the letter and caused it to be delivered to Mr. Smith by the hotel porter.

Five minutes latter the overjoyed man joined him in the patio and bade him an affectionate farewell. "I am off for Toledo," he said. "Angelo is all right, and I shall see my daughter this very night. You've been mighty kind to us, and I'm sorry to say good-by; but you understand how it is: we are not traveling for pleasure—Mother and I

have an object in view, and that object is in Toledo."

Sergeant Cardoza grinned. "I have several objects in view also," he said, "and, by a strange coincidence, I believe them to be in Toledo. I will accompany the Señor."

"Just my luck!" Mr. Smith exclaimed, slapping his knee with pleasure. "Everything seems to help us right along. We've met with so much kindness since we came to Spain that I have quite changed my mind as to the Cubeb question. Of course, I know that I should say Cuban, but it's all such a little trifling thing that it doesn't seem to be of any more account than a cubeb."

The hyena ceased to grin; Mr. Smith was carrying his pleasantry too far. He was all the more convinced that he was playing a part. If so, *were* the other conspirators really in Toledo? He still thought the chance worth acting upon; and, traveling all night, the three ill-assorted companions alighted the next morning tired and hungry at the Inn of the Red Hat.

Here disappointment met them all. Antonio, who ushered them in, informed them

that the Roseveldt party had left the evening before for Seville.

Sergeant Cardoza was more than disappointed—he was angry. He believed now that he had been tricked by Mr. Smith, in whose present grief he had no faith whatever.

"He knew that we should arrive too late to catch them," he said to himself, "and that was why he was so willing that I should accompany him."

He walked away grimly and ordered coffee at one of the little tables, while Mr. Smith escorted the weary and despondent "Mother" to a room where she could rest.

Antonio served the sergeant, and, finding him communicative, the detective instinct regained supremacy, and he presently drew from his servitor all that he knew and all that he surmised in reference to the Americans.

"So you believe that this Señor Roseveldt is purchasing arms in Spain for the use of the American army. Well, it may be. I remember how interested he was at Barcelona in the collection at Motjuich, and this other, the stranger who pretended to have nothing to do with the Americans, and even avoided

them, and yet did hold communication with them—tell me more about him."

"Ah! he was a sly one, and the worst of them all. The Señor Roseveldt had decided to take me with him as courier; but this sorcerer,—I mean this Cuban,—with base lies convinced the Señora Roseveldt that I watched and listened, and as she found me immediately after these vile aspersions kneelling on the balcony just outside the room, where I was cleaning the shutters, she prevailed on her husband not to take me. Could anything be more treacherous than that! Yes, your Excellency, they are without doubt a parcel of conspirators, else why should they object to be watched? But the sorcerer—I mean the Cuban—is the worst of the lot."

"Yes, yes," replied the sergeant impatiently; "but tell me more of the Cuban. Did you notice his hands and wrists; was there anything peculiar about them?"

"That I cannot say, Señor. Ah, yes! they were very clean."

The sergeant shrugged his shoulders. "What were his occupations while in Toledo?"

"They were most mysterious, most unac-

countable; and showed that he had that upon his mind which made his actions different from those of ordinary men. Though he lived in the Tower of the Magians for days, he never once so much as chucked the little Candida under the chin, though she was always in the court when he went and came, and there has never been a lodger in that house but has paid tribute to her fascination. Was not such indifference monstrous, inhuman? Why, too, should he seek the solitude of that lodging? Every other traveler who has taken those rooms has had good and sufficient reasons which one can respect: either they have been contrabandistas or Carlists or gamblers, or gentlemen seeking an asylum temporarily from our too active and intrusive justice; or else they have been sick people requiring solitude, or madmen incarcerated there by their friends; or others as mad—poets who write continually, and who incarcerate themselves; but he seemed to have none of these reasons, therefore we all concluded that he must be very wicked."

"Did he remain hidden at all times?"

"No, your Excellency, he was frequently abroad, taking photographs with a little box

that looked like a surgeon's case of instruments."

"Ah! that is a suspicious occupation. What photographs did he take—people or buildings?"

"Ah! that I cannot tell you, for though the little Candida removed all the plates, and we looked them over together in the very strongest light of noonday there seemed to be no image upon them."

"Fool, they were not developed, and you have spoiled them all!"

"Is it so, your Excellency? Then they can do no harm, and we ought to be praised rather than upbraided."

Sergeant Cardoza was not listening to Antonio. "You say they have all gone to Seville?" he asked.

"Not all, your Excellency; I said the Señor Roseveldt and his family. The other two young ladies left several days ago I know not for what city, and the Cuban."

"Yes, the Cuban; he is the most important of them all—that is, *you said* he was the most suspicious in his actions. Where has he gone? It might be well to notify the authorities to keep a watch on him."

"I do not know exactly where he has gone, your Excellency, but he left before the Señor Roseveldt, and after the young ladies. He went to join them, of that I am certain, for in that conversation which I casually and quite unintentionally overheard while I was cleaning the shutters, he said: 'I pledge my word to join them and bring them back to Seville.'"

"It is very inconvenient that you do not remember the destination of the young ladies; would a peseta assist your memory?"

Antonio was not waiting to be bribed; he had really forgotten, but he could not forego claiming the peseta: it was nothing to him if he sent this stranger on a false journey. He rubbed his brow thoughtfully. "Now I think of it, I am sure it was Cadiz."

"Cadiz!" The sergeant sprang to his feet. "He is the man I am after, and I am off. Stay! If you want a situation as courier you can probably obtain employment from these Americans who came with me. They are the parents of one of those young ladies. Tell them that the entire party has gone to Seville; go there with them, and watch them until I join you. Tell them that

I have been suddenly called to Madrid. To Madrid, mind you; not a word about Cadiz as you value your ears. You shall be well paid if you watch well, and you shall hear from me in Seville."

Hastily paying his bill, the hyena bounded away. There was the scent of more important prey in the air than the possibly innocent Smiths; and when they inquired for him, with gentle surprise, he was well upon his way. His scheme for keeping them under surveillance was successful. Mr. Smith accepted the services of the perfidious Antonio with alacrity, and the three set out that evening for Seville, the parents much cheered by Antonio's assurances that they would surely find their daughter. Antonio should have kept in mind the proverb, "It is always the unexpected which happens"; and the Smiths were right in cheering themselves with the reflection that sometimes also the expected really does happen, for a more surprised man than Antonio, or a happier couple than Mr. and Mrs. Smith, it would be hard to imagine when, on entering the hotel patio at Seville, Tib overturned three chairs in her rush to embrace her father and mother.

Antonio was equal to the occasion, and grinned hypocritically. "I told you I would bring you to her, and a Castilian always speaks the truth—even (he added to himself) when he has no intention of doing so."

Honest Mr. Smith could hardly contain himself for joy; and as for the little woman, the rapture of finding her daughter after so long a succession of mishaps, was almost too delicious to be borne. To Tib it was all a great surprise, for she had had no suspicion that her parents had left America, and had written to them regularly twice a week ever since the beginning of the Spanish journey. Even Mrs. Roseveldt, who had only known of their coming for a few days, had thought best not to tell Tib of Angelo's call at Toledo, lest the anxiety which would be created by his information that they were wandering about somewhere in Spain might be too much for Tib's loving heart to bear.

But now everything came out, and Tib understood why Angelo had not spoken to her at the Escorial. Mr. Smith was informed of that circumstance also, and it gave him great satisfaction.

"But what bothers me," said Mrs. Smith,

"is where he is now, and why he doesn't put in an appearance here when he knew that you were coming to Sevilla."

"I think I have sufficiently explained that," said Mrs. Roseveldt. "He went to Cartagena to find you just as you returned to Toledo, and when he finds that you have left the city he will join us here. We shall see Dr. Van Silver soon, too—of that I am very sure. 'Journeys end in lovers meeting' is an old proverb which this old city will prove true; and while we are waiting for these errant knights there are a few objects of interest to be seen in Seville."

"Indeed, I should think so!" Winnie replied with alacrity. "And first of all there is the Alcazar. Don Juan told me its history. It was built in the tenth and eleventh centuries by Jalubi, a Toledan architect, for a Prince Abdurrhaman. Seville was taken by the Spaniards in the thirteenth century. King Pedro the Cruel was a contemporary of Yusuf I., the chief decorator of the Alhambra, and he was seized with a desire to rival that unique palace, which it is possible he had visited, as he was then on good terms with Granada.

"He accordingly employed Moorish workmen, the very architects and decorators who had worked upon the Alhambra; and the fairy arcades of the Alcazar blossomed in the same bewitching style."

"Winnie," said Milly, "we protest. It was bad enough to have to endure Don Juan's pedantries, but you shall not mount his hobby; or if you do, you may gallop away after the Moors alone—we will not listen to you. I mean to enjoy myself while I am in Seville, and have no notion of improving my mind. I bought a lovely lace mantilla the other day, and I am going to wear it while in Seville in Spanish style, and be just as lazy and happy as a Spanish girl; and I hope I may be taken for one. At any rate, I shall not go poking around the Alcazar with my nose buried in a red-covered Baedeker."

"At least you will come to the Alcazar garden with me," said Winnie; and Milly went not once only, but many times, and it soon came to be her favorite haunt, as it is with every lover of Seville, for this garden is one of the most curious in the world. It was laid out by the Emperor Charles V., and

possesses an abundance of fountains, tanks, ponds, and rivulets. It is neglected, and its semi-tropical plants run wild, turning the parterres into jungles. The artificial grotto is so old that it looks like a natural cave, and the box borders have grown into hedges. The labyrinth is one of the celebrated features of the garden. The hedges which compose its walls are higher than a man's head. The puzzle is to reach the fountain in the center, and few seekers reach the goal without the assistance of the guide.

In other parts of the garden the walks are paved with tiles. Stepping on certain ones springs are touched which cause concealed fountains to spray the unwary passer.

Here Milly could forget statistics and dates; could almost forget, too, that Stacey was away over the ocean—that it was winter, and she would not see him until May. There was no hint of winter in the garden. Here it was perpetual May, and she discovered new delights at every visit. There was a kiosk away in the under garden decorated with grotesque tiles of griffins, centaurs, dragons, fauns, unicorns, and heraldic lions where she loved to write letters to Stacey.

The air was laden with the perfume of blossoms, and giant oleanders arched above their heads. The box hedges were cut in strange patterns: among others the eagles and arms of Charles V. Jasmine and cacti, rose and heliotrope, camellias, bromelias, palms, and tree ferns were mingled in all the luxuriance of a hothouse gone wild. They trod upon matted beds of dusky violets, and everywhere there followed them in some form the sound of water. It plashed in numberless fountains, murmured in the marble canal, laughed in the cascade, dripped from the rim of the overflowing basin, gurgled and rippled in the brook; and in all its multitudinous combinations of sound there was not one discordant note.

In all their explorations in Seville, Antonio, who had come on from Toledo with Mr. and Mrs. Smith, was their most attentive guide. He had overcome Mrs. Roseveldt's prejudices, and it was amazing to see to what extent he made himself useful to every one of them. Sometimes it seemed as if he were really ubiquitous, for he would start out with Winnie, see her comfortably established and sketching in the court of Pilate's

House, and then suddenly appear before Milly in the kiosk ready to mail her letter for her—in a large envelope addressed to Sergeant Cardoza at Cadiz.

The picture which Tib loved most in Seville was Murillo's Vision of Saint Anthony of Padua, which hangs in one of the chapels of the cathedral. The love and reverence in the saint's face as he bends to the Divine Child, are so wonderful that the picture is popularly supposed to have been miraculously painted. It would seem almost sacrilege for anyone, even though he were not a Catholic, to mutilate this incomparable work of art; and yet an assassin-thief plunged a knife into the canvas, and cutting out a large portion carried it away. This fragment of the painting was afterward offered for sale in America, but was immediately recognized and restored to the cathedral. It has been so skillfully inserted that the injury is not conspicuous.

While Milly's favorite resort was the Alcazar garden, Tib's was the Alameda, or public garden, on account of the great variety of human nature that streamed through its paths. She loved to sit on one

of its benches with her father and mother and make rapid sketches of the different types. Antonio gained the idea from the persistency with which she frequented one particular spot, that it was a rendezvous, and that she expected the mysterious Cuban to meet her here.

Accordingly, when he had satisfied himself with knowing just what the others were doing, he invariably came here and watched the group from a little distance. One evening something remarkable did happen. The Cuban really came.

Winnie happened to be sitting with Tib and her parents on this particular evening enjoying the never-ending procession of typical Spaniards.

The Alameda glittered with gas jets and swarmed with pleasure-seekers. Open carriages lined the plaza in which the señoras received the calls of their friends as along the Paseo in Cordova. The promenade was filled with a laughing, flirting crowd of pretty girls in white satin slippers, ruffled pink or yellow dresses, and black lace mantillas, a coquettish white rose behind the left ear, and the fan poised against the right cheek. There were

priests in long skiff-shaped hats, with rosary and knotty thong for flagellation suspended from their girdles; gypsies in fantastic costumes, handsome young soldiers in showy uniforms, children screaming with delight, water venders and cake-sellers, beggars and countesses—a kaleidoscope of humanity. The band brayed hilariously, the crowd elbowed and jostled, odors of rose and heliotrope mingled with fumes of cigarette and garlic.

In a more secluded part of the public garden a beautiful Spanish girl was gracefully dancing the fandango to the clanging of castanets and the "Student of Salamanca," played skillfully upon the guitar by a student. Two athletic young men passed with their arms entwined in brotherly fashion. One of them wore his hair long and plaited in a little queue at the back of the neck, a sign that the wearer was a professional bull-fighter. The girls had noticed the gaudy posters about the town, and understood that in a few days these two friends might be separated by a horrible death in the arena.

"There," said Winnie; "what could be more tragic than that! I cannot understand

how such a noble and high-minded race as the Spaniards can tolerate anything so low, so brutal, and so vulgar as bull-fighting."

"War as the Spaniards carry it on is even more brutal than bull-fighting," said a stranger behind them, speaking in well-modulated tones without the slightest accent.

Winnie started and turned quickly, expecting to recognize a fellow-countryman, but she saw instead an undersized, frail man of the Spanish type, but of still darker complexion. His eyes were preternaturally bright, his face very thin and careworn; his hands, with which he gestured as he spoke, were those of a musician—expressive, mobile, and nervous.

"Pardon me," he said; "I could not help joining in your conversation. I saw that you were Americans, and we love America; all our hope is in her."

Winnie laughed. "You feel more kindly to our country than most Spaniards," she said.

"But I am not a Spaniard. Heaven forbid! I am——" He paused and glanced suspiciously around, but no one was near for the moment but Antonio, who was absorbed

in drawing the plan of a fortress in the sand for a child who had asked this favor.

"I am a Cuban," almost hissed the stranger.

"Then why are you here?" asked Winnie. "I should think you would be at home fighting for independence."

"I am fighting for it here," he replied.

"That must be a very dangerous mission," said Winnie.

"It is the most dangerous of all; not only for myself, but for my friends. I dare not speak longer with you lest we may be observed and you be suspected."

"I am not afraid," Winnie replied fearlessly; "and you interest me very much. Tell me about the state of affairs in Cuba."

"Not now; another time, perhaps, should we meet again," and, touching his hat, he glided away.

"Right there," said Antonio to a child, "is the dungeon of your castle, where you must pop all the bad spies and enemies of Spain," and, dropping the stick with which he had been making the drawing, he too disappeared.

"Of all things," said Winnie, "wasn't that

the queerest adventure we have had yet? I wonder who he is?"

"Someone remarkable, I am sure," Tib replied. "Someone quite out of the ordinary. I studied him very carefully, but I could not make him out at all. At first I thought he might have been a sailor, for he was tattooed. When he was gesticulating in that excitable way his cuff fell back, and I saw a coiled serpent tattooed about his wrist with the head reaching up into the palm. He saw that I noticed it, for he clinched his fingers over it and thrust that hand into his pocket. It is certainly very queer."

They talked of the incident for some time, and then Tib opened her sketch book and began, as she had often done before, to sketch the Giralda.

"It is the charm of charms of Seville for me," she said. "Only think, that tower was the object by which we first recognized the city on our approach, and the one which must have remained longest visible to the vanquished and retreating Arab army."

"I am glad they copied it in New York," said Winnie. "Many a poor street boy who never can hope to see Seville can stand by

the fountain in Madison Square and have his mind opened to ideas of beauty in architecture. I think St. Gaudens' graceful Diana an improvement as a vane on this statue of Faith, which is the occasion of so many jokes at the expense of Seville, that confesses its faith as inconstant as a weather-cock. It has veered from Jupiter to Mahomet, from Mahomet to Mary; let us hope that the next breeze may turn it toward a purer and more rational religion."

"The belfry is a Christian addition," said Winnie. "Around it runs the appropriate inscription, 'Nomen Domini fortissima turris.' The Moors worshiped their tower; it was the first astronomical observatory in Europe. The muezzin towers of Morocco are modeled after it; they reproduced it in their exile as nearly as their resources would permit."

"Bayard Taylor thinks it more perfect than the Campanile of Florence or the tower of San Marco at Venice."

Dusk deepened into shadow, and the noble outlines of the Giralda were lost in the darkness. The clear sparkle of the stars answered the more lurid signals of the gas

jets in the park, when suddenly their attention was attracted by a luminous object high in mid-air—a golden globe, then a green, a ruby, and a purple one in quick succession, then a circle of smaller topaz lights and two blazing diamond solitaires with sapphire pendants. They were arranged too regularly to be meteors, and yet they seemed too high in the heavens to be any species of fireworks.

"What is it? Oh! what is it?" exclaimed Mrs. Smith.

"It looks like a magnificent jeweled chandelier hung from the vault above," said Winnie.

"It is the lighting of the dome of the Giralda," explained Tib. "It is so dark that we do not see the tower, and the lights have all the effect of an illumination in mid-air."

There had been a little hush of admiration in the crowd about them; and now, though the spectacle was a familiar one to everyone, exclamations of delight broke forth on every hand.

The great bell in the tower clanged the hour, surprising them by its lateness, but still they lingered.

"There is only one poem that paints it all,"

said Tib. "I learned it by heart long ago, and before I ever saw the Giralda I used to dream of it and weave unwritten legends of the vanished Caliphate. Listen. It might have been written an hour ago:

"'In the Plaza I hear the sounds
Of guitar and castanet:
Although it is early yet,
The dancers are on their rounds.
Softly the sunlight falls
On the slim Giralda tower,
That now peals forth the hour
O'er broken ramparts and walls.
Ah, what glory and gloom
In this Arab-Spanish town!
What masonry, golden brown,
And hung with tendril and bloom!
Place of forgotten kings!
With fountains that never play,
And gardens where day by day
The lonely cicada sings.
Traces are everywhere
Of the dusky race that came
And passed like a sudden flame,
Leaving their sighs in the air.'"

CHAPTER X.

HILARIO LOPEZ.

With their prows turned toward the tropics, their armaments in place;
With their cannons primed for action, their engines primed for chase;
With a stern determination on each bronzèd seaman's face,
Our ships are sailing out.

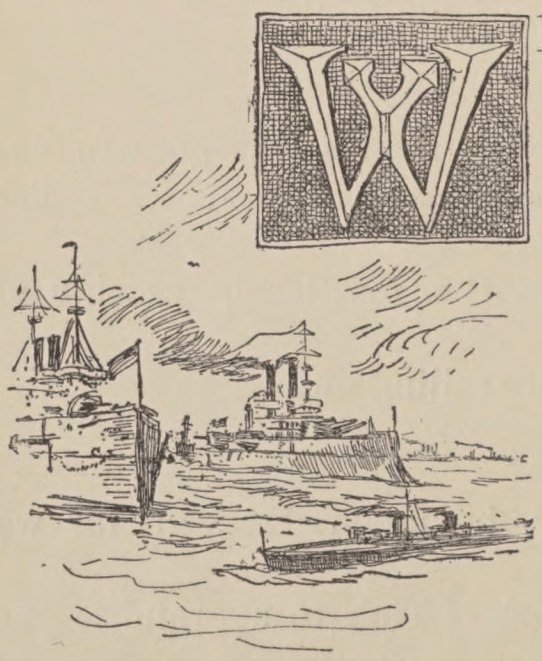
It is not for prey or plunder our ships have gone to sea;
It is not that our loved country should greater, richer be,
That, with flag nailed at the masthead,—as sign of victory,—
Our ships are sailing out.

For pelf or power? Nay, bounteous Heaven! for we are rich and great;
Naught have we now to ask of Thee to aggrandize our state.
To rescue men from want and woe, from vengeful, fiendish hate,
Our ships are sailing out.

We have heard the cries of anguish from a neighbor at our door;
We have seen her winnowed, trampled, like corn on threshing-floor:
To lift from her the despot's heel, to grant her life and store,
Our ships are sailing out.

Oh, Lord of hosts! no longer could our wakened senses be
Half-blind to sights, or dulled to sounds, of human misery.
To feed, to clothe, uplift, make whole—to set a people free--
Our ships are sailing out.

--Mrs. S. A. Brock Putnam,
in The Home Journal.



WHILE the girls were leading their charmed existence in Seville, the storm-cloud was lowering more heavily. The great body of Americans were opposed to war, and for a long time hoped that it might be averted, but they could not be blind to the sufferings of the Cubans, and when the

endeavors of the President through diplomacy to induce Spain to grant to Cuba a government of her own proved unavailing, Congress placed in his hands the power to intervene with arms. Europeans have found it very difficult to appreciate our real motives, and have persisted in the belief that the United States entered upon the war because it desired Cuba. This was farthest from our thoughts. Even the cry for revenge for the sinking of the *Maine* was not the real keynote. To the great majority of our people the war was one for humanity, and the most disinterested that the world has known.

The unanswerable argument in its favor which reconciled the conscience of our people to this extreme measure, and confirmed the wavering Congress, was made by Senator Proctor of Vermont, who, on March 17, 1898, made a statement to the Senate of the United States of his observations during a recent trip through the island of Cuba. Every element of sensationalism had been studiously eliminated from his assertions; calm and dispassionate, his remarks did not bear the slightest evidence of an effort to arouse the public mind. The impression which his

address made upon the Senate was characterized by another Senator. "It is," he said, "just as if Proctor had held up his right hand and sworn to it." From this statement I make a few brief extracts:

There are six provinces in Cuba, each, with the exception of Matanzas, extending the whole width of the island and having an equal sea front on the north and south. My observations were confined to the four western provinces, about one-half the island. The two eastern ones are in the hands of the insurgents, and are spoken of as Cuba Libre. In Havana, the great city and capital of the island, except for squads of (Spanish) soldiers, one sees little sign of war—but outside Havana all is changed. It is not peace, nor is it war. It is desolation and distress, misery and starvation. Every town and village is surrounded by a *trocha* (trench) with a barbed-wire fence on the outer side. These *trochas* have at intervals blockhouses loopholed for musketry, with a guard of from two to ten soldiers each. Their purpose is to keep the *reconcentrados* in as well as to keep the insurgents out. From all the surrounding country the people have been driven into these towns and held to subsist as they can. They are virtually prison yards. With the exception of the guard along the railroad track, there is no human life or habitation between these fortified towns throughout the four western provinces. There are no domestic animals or crops. It is concentration and desolation. This is the "pacified" condition of the western provinces. All the country people by Weyler's order were driven in, and these are the *reconcentrados*. When they reached the towns they were allowed to build huts of palm leaves in the va-

cant places, and were left to live if they could. The huts have no floor, no furniture. Torn from their homes, with foul earth, foul air, foul water, and foul food or none, what wonder that one-half have died and that one-quarter of the living are so diseased that they cannot be saved! I have been told by one of our consuls that people have been found dead in the markets, where they had crawled, hoping to get stray bits of food from the hucksters. Two hundred thousand have died within a few months past within these Spanish forts from actual starvation and diseases caused by insufficient and im-improper food.

Miss Barton and her assistants are excellently fitted for their duties. The American people may be assured that their bounty will reach the sufferer, with the least possible cost and in the best manner. When will the need for this help end? Not until peace comes, and the *reconcentrados* can go back to their country, rebuild their homes, and until they can be free from molestation in so doing. Until then the American people must care for them.

Few of the Spanish people realized the horrors that were permitted in Cuba under the name of war. General Weyler, on being asked if he had been cruel, replied, "War is not a picnic, and I have never wrapped my bullets in cotton in order that they should not hurt."

The Spanish gentleman is honorable according to his code; high-bred, courteous, magnanimous, brave; and he accepts the

fortunes of war when it turns against him, preferring to go down with his ships rather than to surrender—but he does not inquire too curiously into the methods employed by his generals to secure victory.

The first revelation of what was really meant by the term "pacification of Cuba" was brought to Winnie by Van, who arrived in Seville the day after the encounter with the Cuban in the Alameda.

Van had received Winnie's letter while waiting in the hope of hearing from her at Gibraltar.

"You see," he said, "I had taken the precaution while at Genoa to write to Venice to have my mail forwarded, and I let one steamer sail for America, believing you would let me know where you were—so here I am, but only for a few days, for Miss Clara Barton, whom I knew in America, has written me of the Red Cross work in Cuba, and I must go. No crusader who took the cross in the olden days had so divine a call. You cannot imagine the suffering. Even Miss Barton's calm statement of the horrors which she has witnessed, of the need for more workers, might not have appealed to me so

vividly, had I not during the past few days been thrown into the company of a young Cuban, Hilario Lopez, who is on his way to Madrid to appeal to the Queen in behalf of his people. It made my blood boil when he told me of his personal wrongs, and he is only an example of what every patriotic Cuban has endured.

"The Lopez family have held the same plantations for years. At first they were rented of an absentee Spanish landlord who held an old claim for them from the Crown. But although the improvements instituted by the Lopez family have multiplied many times the value of the estates, he has paid far more than their present value in rents; and under Cuban laws the title of the Spanish claimant has lapsed. They will be recognized as belonging to Lopez if the present insurrection is successful, and ought to be by Spanish law as well. But this is the least of his injuries. Lopez' brothers joined the insurgent army, but he himself was an Autonomist and never lifted his hand against Spain. He had gone to New York on business, and while he was away the insurgent army was driven into the eastern

part of Cuba and the Lopez estates were devastated again and again. His brothers were known to be with the insurgents, and the statement of his wife that he was absent on business was not believed. His cattle and horses were carried off, his warehouses pillaged, his crops destroyed, and finally the buildings were all burned and his family driven into the nearest trocha as reconcentrados. Lopez heard of this and returned to Havana, to be arrested and thrown into prison. He was able to prove his innocence, and after a long time was released, but during his imprisonment his wife and his children died one by one. His wife lived from force of will, till the last child died upon her breast, and then she too meekly closed her eyes. One sister alone was rescued by the Red Cross and lies in their hospital. It was she who told Lopez of the fate of the others.

"Then he came to Spain, not to hunt down General Weyler and obtain revenge, as was reported, but to lay all these outrages before the Queen.

"'It cannot be,' he says continually, 'that she knows what is done in the name of Spain, for she is a gentle and noble-hearted

woman.' He respects Sagasta, too, and will seek an interview with him on his arrival in Madrid."

"How strange all this is!" Winnie commented, and then she told Van her side of the story, and showed him the papers which Don Juan had sent him establishing Van's right to the Lopez estates.

Van smiled. "You see why I could never accept them," he said simply.

"Yes," Winnie replied, her cheeks glowing with enthusiasm; "I see you think that they ought really to belong to Hilario Lopez."

"Yes, but while they can never be mine, it is possibly very fortunate that matters have turned out in this strange way, for I will go up to Cordova, see this Señor de Silva, and try to enlighten his mind on this matter. He is doubtless in a position to help Lopez, if I can only interest him."

"I don't believe there is much hope of that," Winnie replied, "for Don Juan regards this Cuban as a miscreant."

"He would not if he could see him. I will take him with me."

"Why, is he in Seville?"

"Yes, he came on the day after I left

Gibraltar. He would not travel with me for fear of compromising me. He gave me his address, but at the same time warned me not to call upon him, as it is a dangerous thing to hold communication with a political suspect. He is doing a daring thing in coming to Spain—and he is not likely to succeed in his undertaking; but, all the same, I shall help him all I can, and will leave with him for Cordova to-night."

"That is right, Van. I am proud of you. I don't wonder you believe in him. I do, too; and, do you know, although he left after you did, in some mysterious way he arrived here before you, for I believe we saw him last night. Has he a serpent tattooed on his left wrist?"

"The very man! It is a pity he can be so easily identified. I will see if I can burn off that tatooing with a little caustic. He may find it awkward some day."

Winnie and Dr. Van Silver continued their conversation until almost time for the train to leave for Cordova, and it is needless to relate that Hilario Lopez was not the only topic which they found of interest. But Cuba was uppermost in their minds.

"I shall follow you to America as soon as I can persuade the others to leave," Winnie promised; "and if the Red Cross has need of me, I too will go to Cuba. I do think that a physician's profession is the noblest of all. I am so glad you chose it, and prouder of you for the stand you have taken on this question than I was when I found that your family was related to Velasquez. No, Van; whatever may the respective merits of the pen and the sword, the pill box is mightier than the paint brush."

Winnie was eager to go to Cordova with Van in order to assist in persuading Don Juan to espouse the cause of Hilario Lopez, but this it was decided she would better not do. She wrote a letter to Señor de Silva urging Van's views, and that evening Van set out for Cordova in company with the Cuban. He returned the next day greatly disappointed. Don Juan had received him politely, but on being introduced to Hilario had ordered that young man from the house. Nothing that Van said pacified him, but, on the contrary, he grew more and more angry, and demanded the return of the credentials which he had given Winnie for Van, asserting

that no one with such sentiments could be even remotely connected with his family.

On returning to the railroad station Van had a brief interview with Hilario Lopez. "I thank you," said the latter, "for what you have tried to do for me. It is an inauspicious beginning of my mission, but I shall not give up yet. I shall go on to Madrid now and see Señor Sagasta and, if possible, the Queen. If I fail there, I have still a hope. Spain is on the eve of revolution. I shall wait in hiding until another hand holds the reins of power."

They parted with a cordial handclasp, and Van promised to find Lopez' sister in Havana.

"And now," Van said to Winnie, "send back all the papers to the Señor."

"Would it not be better, since they are really yours, to keep them until you reach Cuba, and there formally relinquish your rights in favor of Hilario Lopez?"

"Before this war is over the Spaniards will have no rights in Cuba, and after what has happened to-day Lopez is as unwilling as I am to receive any favors from the de Silvas."

"Do you really think," Winnie asked,

"that our nation is disinterested enough to enter upon a war with Spain solely for the sake of championing the cause of the distressed Cubans, with no motives of self-interest or personal wrongs to revenge?"

"If not," Van replied, "then I believe we shall be scourged into it. If we are not generous enough to strike a blow for the freedom of others, then God may make the issue touch us in some vital point, and the nation will rise at the call of the lower motive of self-defense or revenge."

As he spoke there was a clamor without. Some exciting news was being cried upon the street, and Mr. Smith came in with a newspaper in his hand.

"Come, translate this for me!" he cried. "That imbecile," pointing to Antonio, whose face was blanched with fear, "either cannot or will not."

Van took the journal from his hands and read the news of the destruction of the *Maine*.

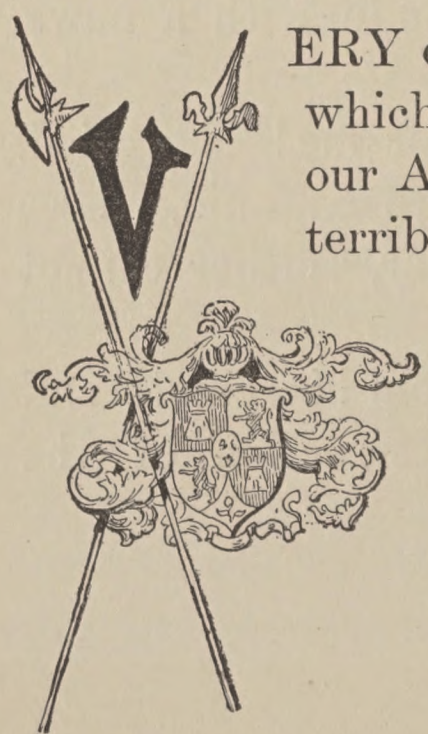
CHAPTER XI.

CADIZ AND LA RABIDA.

Thou shield of that faith which in Spain we revere,
Thou scourge of each foeman who dares to draw near ;
Whom the Son of that God who the elements tames
Called child of the thunder, immortal St. James!

" When terrible wars had nigh wasted our force,
All bright midst the battle we saw thee on horse,
Fierce scatt'ring the hosts whom their fury proclaims
To be warriors of Islam, victorious St. James.

" Beneath thy direction stretch'd prone at thy feet,
With hearts low and humble, this day we entreat
Thou wilt strengthen the hope which enlivens our frames
That thou wilt go with us, victorious St. James."



VERY dark were the forebodings which forced themselves upon our American tourists with the terrible news of the sinking of the *Maine*. There were not alone the horror and grief occasioned by the sudden death of so many of their gallant countrymen (though at this time they did not know that any of their friends were

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THE TAPESTRY WEAVERS.—By Velasquez.

among the number), but to these was added the dread of more grief and horror to come—the fear that now our ship of state could not be held back by the firm hand at the wheel from the tremendous current which was sweeping her toward war.

Mr. Roseveldt immediately decided to return to America with his family and to set out at once in company with Van. Mr. Smith might have made the same decision were it not that he was anxious to see Angelo before leaving and to make the *amende honorable.* Winnie was torn in two directions, but finally decided to remain with Tib. With her happy optimism she could not share Mr. Roseveldt's fears that even now there would really be war between the United States and Spain, and she felt an intense interest in seeing that the little romance whose beginning she had watched in Venice should end as she wished. "Tib and Angelo have shown such stupendous stupidity in managing their own affairs," she confided to Van, "that I dare not leave them. Then, too, Mr. Smith is the merest infant; he will get himself lost again if I do not stay and pilot him through this tour."

Van agreed with Winnie's estimate of the value of her own services, and willingly acquiesced in her stay, believing with her that the delay would not be long.

The Roseveldts and Van determined to sail from Gibraltar and to return to that port by way of Cadiz, and the entire party decided to accompany them as far as the latter city.

They took the little steamer just below the Golden Tower, one of the landmarks of Seville, and so named because the gold that Columbus brought back from the New World was stored within it. The boat dropped slowly down the lazy Guadalquivir, hardly outstripping the promenaders in the walks of Las Delicias, a charming park which skirted the river for some distance; then it crept slowly along between flats as level as Holland and as miasmatic as the Campagna, but with beautiful hazy effects when the sun shot through the mist. This is the great sherry region, and they were served to golden Manzanillo with their luncheon of red mullet, which the Moors call the sultan of fishes.

Winnie and Van leaned on the rail, staring at the slowly moving landscape without seeing it. To them the moments of this

their last day together were slipping away all too rapidly, but Winnie would not allow this thought to spoil their present happiness. "I feel that it is almost wrong for us to be so happy, Van," she said, "when I look at Tib bearing up so bravely and cheerfully all through this long misunderstanding which has parted her from Angelo."

"But surely she knows now the reason that he would not speak. He could not while he believed that the curse of inherited insanity rested upon him. Just as soon as that was proved untrue he set out with me to find her. I never saw a man more genuinely in love; he was the most stupid companion I ever had. He could talk of nothing but her talent, her goodness, and her loveliness."

"Of course, you never bored him by expatiating about me!" There was the least spice of pique in Winnie's voice.

"Well, now I come to think of it, I did try to cap his remarks at first. But I am sure I could not have been such a fool as he was. Why, he thinks her absolutely perfect! I became so exasperated one night in Genoa that I gave him a piece of my mind. I said:

'Now, Zanelli, see here: I am very happily engaged, and yet I do not consider that Winnie is perfect. I can see that she has a quick temper.'"

Winnie's eyes flashed fire. "And you actually detailed my faults to Angelo?"

"No, I didn't detail them, but I told him you were *full* of faults, and that they were every one of them charming, and I could not understand how a man of his sense could believe that anyone so much less attractive than you as Miss Smith must seem to the most unprejudiced observer could be faultless, or, if so, could find such a priggish young person interesting."

Winnie laughed. "It is selfish of us to talk foolishness here. Go right over and tell Tib all the absurd things that Angelo said about her."

"Why should I? She knows the state of idiocy to which he is reduced, doesn't she?"

"Yes, she knows, but all the same it will do her good to be told of it. Do you suppose he will appear before long and tell her himself?"

"Not a doubt of it. He wrote me to join him in Seville, and he will be there before

long. Be sure to leave a letter for him at your banker's when you go to Granada. It is just like him to go hunting all over Spain for Mr. and Mrs. Smith when he might be enjoying the society of his perfect one at this very moment."

"Tib thinks that is very admirable in him. Her mother has told her how attentive Angelo was to her—and how respectful to Mr. Smith, and it has made Tib care more for him than any amount of attention to herself. And that is why I care for you, Van: because you are willing to leave me now that duty calls."

So they talked on; but it is the most dishonorable of all things to listen to lovers' conversations—and we will emulate the consideration of their friends, and keep a discreet distance until Cadiz appears on the horizon, a cameo carved from alabaster set against a background of lapis lazuli.

Closer acquaintance showed that the whitewashed houses were not so dazzlingly clean as they had seemed, but it was a most interesting city nevertheless. As they strolled along the sea-wall looking at the shipping Van said to Winnie: "I am on

the lookout for a priest that Hilario Lopez said I would find fishing here to-day. Lopez was to have met him, but decided to go on to Madrid instead. I am charged to tell him where Lopez can be found. Ah! there is my man; that is the sign—the long cane with which he is fishing is painted with blue rings. You would better join the others and let me speak to him alone."

Van approached the priest and remarked: "It must require a great deal of patience, Reverend Father, to fish from the quay. I should not think the fish would venture so near the shore."

The priest turned and replied pleasantly: "We have a proverb, 'La paciencia de un pescador de cana,' meaning that there is no patience so great—— But see, I have just caught a San Pedro, the very kind that the great Apostle caught with the tribute money in its mouth. A sign, my son, that fish as well as men sometimes venture into dangerous places." He looked keenly at Van as he spoke, and each understood that there was more under their conversation than seemed.

"There is a fellow who has just slipped the hook," Van replied. "Some men, as well

as fish, escape where one would imagine they would be surely caught."

At this juncture Winnie, who had obediently walked on, could not forbear looking back, and exclaimed, "Why, it is Father Tolo!"

It was indeed the good priest, who was delighted to meet them. He shook hands with each of the party, and gave them the latest news of all his parishioners at St. Jean de Kampoua. He was sorry to hear that the Roseveldts were on the eve of embarkation, but remarked with pleasure the animation that shone in Milly's face. "So the unpleasant vision that you saw as you tried to cross the bridal bridge was not an evil omen, after all! I see—I understand—there is someone waiting in America, and there will be a wedding there after your formal American fashion without any of our hearty Basque customs."

He then spoke with the deepest regret of the blowing up of the *Maine*, adding, "But no one can believe that Spain could have had the infamy to do such a thing as that."

"No!" Winnie replied warmly. "No one who knows the Spanish people as we do.

There can never be war between us on that account."

Father Tolo shook his head gravely. "I have seen wars declared for no reason, and friends changed to foes when there was no enmity in their hearts for each other. Sometimes I think that precept of our common religion, 'Love your enemies,' the very easiest command to obey. I have never been able to hate mine, not when I knew them personally, and sometimes this has made me act with great inconsistency."

He unjointed his fishing rod, shaking it down into a walking stick; gave his few fish to a boy who had been angling at his side, and walked about with them for the remainder of the day, showing them the places of interest of the town, among others the last painting of Murillo's in the chapel of the Capuchins—the Marriage of St. Catherine. "I have always wondered," said Father Tolo, "why the Infant Christ did not stretch out his hand and hold Murillo, as he stepped backward on the scaffold to view his almost completed painting, instead of allowing him to fall and receive the injuries from which he died in Seville. Perhaps it was because there

was no reward on earth glorious enough to bestow for such a work."

Father Tolo took them also to the Carmen where Admiral Gravina is buried, who commanded the Spanish fleet at Trafalgar and died soon after Nelson. He was told of his enemy's death and, instead of exulting, said, "I am going to join the greatest man the world has ever produced."

Some Spanish man-of-war's men were kneeling before his tomb, and scowled at the Americans as they passed out. One of them spoke to Father Tolo in the street.

"We have just sworn to St. James," he said, "in case America declares war against us, never to return to Cadiz unless victorious. We will go down with our ships, but we will not surrender."

Father Tolo sighed. "Cadiz is a monument to the bravery of our navy, but not to its success," he said. "Three hundred and two years ago Lord Essex sacked the city and took thirteen of our ships of war and forty South American galleons. It was near here—at Puerto Real, in 1587—that Drake destroyed more than one hundred French and Spanish men-of-war; and not far away

are Trafalgar and Gibraltar, nor can we forget our Armada. We have learned our lesson well; we Spaniards know how to die."

To draw his thoughts away from this gloomy subject, Tib asked Father Tolo if there was any particular reason why the sailors should have addressed their prayers to St. James other than that as a fisherman he might have been familiar with the sea.

"He is our patron saint," Father Tolo replied proudly; "and you, of course, know that after he was decapitated he sailed to Spain, and on thirty-eight different occasions single-handed in battle slew sixty thousand Moors."

Tib was able to keep her countenance, but Winnie's face showed her incredulity.

"Why did you start Father Tolo on that subject?" she said to Tib when they were alone.

"I had forgotten the Spaniard's faith in Santiago," Tib replied, "but now a stray scrap from Southey occurs to me:

"Large tales of St. James the Spaniards tell,
Munchausen tells no larger,
Of how he used to fight the Moors
Upon a milk-white charger.

And still they worship him in Spain
And believe in him with might and main;
Santiago there they call him,
  And if anyone then had doubted these tales,
They'd an Inquisition to maul him."

They called at the university to see Luiz Garcia, but learned that he had joined a company of volunteers and was away drilling.

They spent the night at a comfortable hostelry, and the next morning Mr. and Mrs. Roseveldt, Milly, and Van took the coasting steamer for Gibraltar. The others had thought of returning to Seville as they had come, but, as Mr. Smith had expressed himself interested in looking up localities connected with the history of Columbus, Father Tolo explained how they could make a slight detour and take in Palos and the convent of La Rabida—an excursion upon which he would be pleased to accompany them. They left all the arrangements of this trip in the hands of Father Tolo, who secured a *felucca*, or rakish-looking fishing boat with picturesque lateen sails, whose owner agreed to take them to Palos for a reasonable sum, never dreaming, as Father Tolo bargained with him, that he was dealing with Americans.

It was from Palos that Columbus sailed on the 3d of August, 1492, for the discovery of America, and to Palos he returned triumphant seven months later. To Palos too came Cortes after the conquest of Mexico and Pizarro before his expedition to Peru.

Father Tolo hired a lumbering open carriage at Palos, and they drove three miles to the Convent of Santa Maria la Rabida. The aspect of this convent, as well as of the caravels in which Columbus sailed, has been made familiar to us by their reproduction at the World's Fair in Chicago.

Winnie said it seemed as if the blue ocean were Lake Michigan, that the Court of Honor must be just at the left and the Midway Plaisance around the headland. La Rabida was originally a fortress of the Moors, erected by them in the eleventh century, and given to the Franciscans when the Moors were driven out of Spain.

"It was here," said Father Tole, "that Columbus, rejected and despairing, stopped to beg for bread and water for himself and his little boy. The Prior of the Convent Juan Perez de Marchena listened intelligently to his plans and did not consider them vision-

ary. He entertained Columbus as his guest for months, and pressed his cause before Queen Isabella, whose confessor he had once been, and it was through his influence that the queen reconsidered her refusal, and that Columbus was able to send back to the convent the following joyous letter:

"Our Lord God has heard the prayers of his servants. The wise and virtuous Isabel, touched by the grace of Heaven, has kindly listened to this poor man's words. All has turned out well. I have read to them our plan; it has been accepted, and I have been called to the court to state the proper means for carrying out the designs of Providence. My courage swims in a sea of consolation, and my spirit rises in praise to God. Come as soon as you can; the Queen looks for you, and I much more than she.

"The grace of God be with you, and may Our Lady of Rabida bless you.

"I am glad to know," continued Father Tolo, "that we priests have had something to do with the great deeds of the world. How much will never be known, for, like the work of women, it is in great part done through others; but it is our work nevertheless, for 'qui facit per alium facit per se.' Father Juan de Marchena gave Columbus his blessing on the shores of Palos when he sailed

away. It was Friday, so that the superstition that it is unlucky to begin any work on that day is unfounded, and Columbus chose it because it was the day of the Redemption and also anniversary of the delivery of the Holy Sepulcher by Godfrey de Bouillon."

After inspecting the paintings in Columbus' room, some of which were scenes in this voyage and interviews with Ferdinand and Isabella by modern historical painters, and others more or less authentic portraits of Columbus, of Isabella, and of the good Prior, our travelers continued their excursion to Huelva, where they spent the night at the Hotel Colon, which, to their surprise, they found to be the best in Spain. The Rio Tinto Mining Company, two railroads, and the Rothschilds have united in building this magnificent resort.

Four blocks of buildings near the bathing beach inclose a garden of some two acres. This garden is charming in its tropical vegetation, its fountains, its retired walks, and its cool, cloistered porticoes, where they were served their after-dinner coffee and sat late into the beautiful moonlit night.

The proprieter showed them through the

palatial public rooms, frescoed by skilled artists, with chimney pieces of Dresden porcelain, the fourteen suites of princely state apartments fitted up with every modern appliance of luxury, and the ball-room capable of entertaining a thousand people. It was very surprising to find such a luxurious hotel in such an out-of-the-way place. Winnie objected to it as entirely too American in its comforts, and, on finding that Seville could be reached by rail or by an antiquated diligence, she unhesitatingly clamored for the old-fashioned vehicle.

On the way Father Tolo confided to them that he too was going on to Granada and would be glad of their company. Winnie was not surprised, for Van had told her that Granada would be the place where Hilario Lopez would seek asylum in case he was not successful in his mission to Sagasta. "I have an acquaintance there," he had said to Van, "a Jew—a dealer in curios —who is a great traveler. Tell Father Tolo that he can find news of me at his little shop in the Zacatin." This was the message which Father Tolo had expected when Van had found him fishing on the quay. It was

not safe to send too much information by letters which might be intercepted, and Father Tolo had simply known that either Hilario Lopez would meet him there or that a messenger who would know him by his peculiar fishing-rod would bring him word of his whereabouts.

The letter which had made the quay at Cadiz the rendezvous, had, in fact, been read by Sergeant Cardoza and resealed and sent to the priest. All that day, from the window of a little wine shop opposite the quay, the sergeant had watched the priest fishing. When the "American spies," with their friends, joined Father Tolo the heart of the detective swelled with exultation. How beautifully they had walked into the trap! But his triumph was not quite complete, for where was the Cuban, Hilario Lopez? He at first thought that Van might be the man in disguise, but he soon saw that this was impossible, for Van did not in any way answer the description. He was blond and large, and the Cuban could not have changed his stature or the color of his eyes, nor have rid himself of the telltale tattooing, and as Van moved his

hands Sergeant Cardoza could see with the aid of the field glass with which he studied that his wrists were unscarred. As the Americans moved away, the hyena followed them at a distance and at the chapel of the Capuchins found Antonio guarding the umbrellas and handbags just outside the door. A gold piece was slipped from the sergeant's hand into that of the treacherous valet, and Antonio delivered himself of everything he knew.

"Yes, a Cuban had met them in the Alameda at Seville, not the Cuban of the Tower of the Magians at Toledo, but another who was just as likely to be the man that the sergeant wished to find as the sorcerer of the Magians' Tower, who had not appeared; and the sergeant need not curse, for it was possible that he had not lost him. It was only day before yesterday, and he had listened and knew where he had gone. This friend of the family had taken him to the house of Don Juan Perez de Silva at Cordova, and had left him there, returning without him."

The sergeant satisfied himself by searching questions that Antonio was speaking the

truth; and, bidding him keep a close watch on the movements of the Americans, he set out at once on the track of his more important quarry.

Antonio was a snake in the grass, but this was the first time that his information had led toward the discovery of the true Cuban or had done any harm to those whom he was so suspiciously watching. On the contrary, he had already served them one good turn in guiding Mr. and Mrs. Smith to Seville; and as the Huelva diligence lumbered into the city it was his sharp eyes that detected Angelo, bag in hand, walking rapidly toward the railway station, having just ascertained at the hotel that Tib had left Seville.

Not a word said Antonio, but, although the diligence was dashing through the streets at its utmost speed, the driver bent on making an effective *entrée*, he dropped from its top, landed like a cat, and was off like a shot, overtaking Angelo and gasping out the information that the Señoritas whom he sought were here. For Antonio had reasoned in that brief glance that if the sorcerer of the Magians' Tower were after all no conspirator, but only an ordinary man extraordinarily in

love, here was an opportunity to win his good opinion and some of his good pesetas by a little timely assistance; and if he were indeed the real Cuban, and the sergeant had gone off on a false scent, then he would deserve largesse from the latter if he could keep the villain under surveillance until he was apprehended.

Angelo returned, but at the hotel he asked for Winnie, not for Tib, and began his explanation. He was saying, "I have no right to speak to her, for I have not yet found her father," when the hearty voice of Mr. Smith exclaimed, "But her father has found you, and he has discovered a few other things besides, so come right into the patio and make your explanations to Tib. Mother's down there too, but you needn't mind her, for I don't know which of the two will be gladder to see you."

CHAPTER XII.

GRANADA.

And there the Alhambra still recalls
  Aladdin's palace of delight:
Allah il Allah! through its halls
Whispers the fountain as it falls;
The Darro darts beneath its walls,
  The hills with snow are white.
—LONGFELLOW.

PAST convent and ruined fortress, past goatherds watching their flocks, past vineyards and stony wildernesses; dashing up the mountains through precipitous defiles and narrow gorges, along dizzy trestle work, through gloomy tunnel and over perilous torrent-gullied terraces, the train climbed to Granada. All around them the mountains rose sharp and bare amid olive groves, *Ata-*

layas, or old watch-towers of the Moors, stood here and there like solitary vedettes who know not that their main army has surrendered, and who still keep watch and guard over a country no longer theirs.

They entered the city at night. The station was a wild bedlam of laughing girls, clamoring guides, vociferous beggars, and shouting boys. They caught flashes of the town by lantern- and lamp-light as the diligence whirled them through the gateway against which Boabdil broke his spear; past the Zacatin, or ancient Moorish silk bazaar; and through the plaza where Moorish and Christian knights tilted before the eyes of fair ladies who crowded the overhanging balconies. It is a market now, and during the day is filled with huckster women seated upon the ground vending bursting pomegranates, luscious muscatels, golden oranges, and purple figs; while lazy, handsome *gitanos*, or Spanish gypsies, in theatrical costumes, lounge beside gayly trapped donkeys, and flirt, lie, steal, and roll innumerable cigarettes with the same nonchalant grace.

As they climbed the hill, through a gap in the arching trees they had glimpses of a

Moslem moon, suspended like a bent scimiter over a dark mass of buildings which crowned the summit—it was the Alhambra.

A few more explosive cracks of the driver's murderous whiplash and they halted in the midst of the forest, where two hotels fronted each other. One was the Washington Irving, a name which prepossesses all Americans in its favor; but Father Tolo recommended the other, the Hotel de los Siete Suelos, named from a tower of the Alhambra containing seven stories, at whose foot it stands. Here the good priest left them, as he was to be entertained at a neighboring convent, but he promised to call upon them frequently during their stay.

The next morning, as they breakfasted at a little table in the garden, they noticed an open door leading into this tower. This was the very door by which Boabdil left his citadel to surrender it to Ferdinand and Isabella, and which in accordance with his request was walled up. Now that unfortunate prince might turn in his grave at the disrespect paid his memory, for the lower story of the tower is occupied as a lounging place by the hotel waiters. On the flat roof, fenced in by a low

parapet, a couple of cosset sheep were tethered which afforded the waiters unfailing amusement in their hours of idleness. The girls could see them playing at bull-fight, using their long aprons for the cloaks with which the attendants of the ring taunt and enrage the animals that do not show sufficient spirit.

It was from a gloomy vault underneath this tower that the Belludo, or headless horse of Irving's legend of the Two Discreet Statues, issued at midnight for its goblin scamper through the streets of Granada. Winnie woke Tib at twelve the next night, asserting that she heard the sound of hoofs in the tower, and it was some time before the practical Tib could persuade her that it was only one of the sheep rehearsing in his dreams the last bull-fight.

The days that followed were a dream of delight. The girls took Washington Irving's Tales of the Alhambra as their guide-book, and Angelo read aloud from them while Winnie and Tib painted some brilliant vista ; and when painting and reading were concluded they made a pilgrimage together to the spot which Irving had described, and were always

surprised to find the description as accurate as though just written.

A number of these legends are laid in the different towers which rise at intervals from the walls that surround the Alhambra. The Tower of the Infantas is the one under whose windows the obliging renegade Hussein Baba set the three Christian captives to work, allowing them to touch the guitar at intervals for the amusement of the three daughters of the Sultan at the lattice above. The legend of the Three Beautiful Princesses is perhaps the most entertaining of Irving's tales, while the tower is one of the most elegant of the lesser palaces connected with the Alhambra.

The Torre de la Vela is the watch tower of the Alhambra. The prospect from its summit is one of inexpressible loveliness. When, on the 2d of January, 1492, the city was surrendered to the Spaniards, Ferdinand and Isabella waited without with the army until they saw their banner hoisted from the Torre de la Vela by Cardinal Mendoza. As the exiled and retreating Boabdil turned to cheer or chide his followers, says Bulwer, "He saw from his own watch tower, with the sun shining full upon

its pure and dazzling surface, the silver cross of Spain." Mr. Lockhart seems to have realized the vision in one of his "Translations of Spanish Ballads."

"There was crying in Granada when the sun was going down,
Some calling on the Trinity, some calling on Mahoun;
Here passed away the Koran, there in the cross was borne,
And here was heard the Christian bell and there the Moorish horn;
Te Deum Laudamus was up the Alcala sung,
Down from the Alhambra's minarets were all the crescents flung;
The arms thereon of Aragon and Castile they display;
One King comes in in triumph, one weeping goes away."

The anniversary of the surrender, the Dia de la Toma, is the high festival of Granada. "On that day," says Irving, "the great alarm bell on the Torre de la Vela sends forth its clanging peals from morn till night. Happy the damsel who can get a chance to ring that bell—it is a charm to insure a husband within the year!"

The most palatial apartments of the Alhambra are built around two principal courts. That of the Alberca, or fishpond,

was the royal audience chamber devoted to affairs of state, while the Court of Lions, with its connecting apartments, was reserved for the intimate family life of the Sultan.

Tib made a careful study of the long tank or pool in the center of the Court of the Alberca, looking across it, through the entrance arches, into the great Hall of the Ambassadors, which is the most imposing single apartment of the palace. It was the Sultan's audience chamber, and was well calculated to impress his visitors with a sense of his magnificence. The lofty dome, seventy-five feet in height, is ceiled in cedar and painted with vermilion. Three sides of the tower contain each three alcoved windows, almost rooms in themselves,—the walls through which they are cut are so massive,—and each commands a view of rare beauty.

Just outside the central window (which probably held the royal divan or throne), a slender balcony, the favorite resort of Irving, juts out in mid-air over the precipitous walls, for the foot of the tower is far below in the valley. Passing through the colonnades at the right of the fishpond,

Winnie found her favorite haunt in the Court of Lions, for the summit of elegance and gorgeousness was reserved by the architect of the Alhambra for the harem. The court is named from the grand fountain in the center resting upon the backs of twelve stone lions. These statues are said to have been carved by Christian captives, and there are some paintings in the Alhambra which are said to have the same origin, for it was against the religious law of the Moors to imitate any natural living forms, as the Mohammedan obeys with literal strictness the second commandment, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image," etc.

Winnie insisted that, even so, the most orthodox Mohammedan might have cut these lions, for they were so rude and unrealistic that they could not be regarded as "likenesses of anything that is in the 'heaven above, or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth.'"

This court, with the rooms that surround it, has been called the gem of Arabian art in Spain. The walls are gilded, and an arabesque pattern incised; the plane beneath is painted vermilion or blue. Sometimes the

stucco and marble ornamentation is creamy white, and the wrought openwork has the effect of the richest old lace. The ceilings are clustered domes of the richest colors.

Their enjoyment of all this beauty was not mere dilettant luxuriousness, for Angelo had received word from his publisher that his work on the Palaces of Venice, which Tib had illustrated, was so successful that he would like to have him submit a similar work on Arabian Architecture in Spain, provided he could induce the same talented artist to furnish the illustrations. They began at once to plan this work, in which they soon became deeply absorbed. Winnie said they were the strangest pair of lovers she had ever seen, for when she thoughtfully left them alone in the charming little garden of Lindaraxa, and then could not resist the temptation of peering down upon them from the latticed windows of the gallery of the Hall of the Two Sisters, she found to her disgust that, instead of taking advantage of their opportunities for a little billing and cooing, they were having an earnest discussion as to the origin of the Arabian style of ornament.

"I think with Owen Jones," Angelo was saying, "that the Moors derived it from fabrics—rugs, shawls, curtains; and that, having been accustomed to living in tents formed of stuffs woven in beautiful tints and patterns, 'in changing their wandering for a settled life they transferred the luxurious shawls and hangings of cashmere which had adorned their former dwellings to their new, changing the tent pole for a marble column and the silken tissue for gilded plaster.'"

"This is a plausible supposition, but another derivation seems equally probable," said Tib. "This period of art decoration followed immediately the literary eminence of the Caliphate of Cordova, when the labors of the artist were joined to those of the scribe, and the illuminated manuscripts of the Arabians rivaled the work of the scriptoriums of Christendom,"

"'Of Theodosius, who of old
Wrote the Gospels in letters of gold.'

Parts of the MSS. which Don Juan showed us in the library of the Escorial, explaining that they had come from the great library of

Abdurrhaman at Cordova, seem to me to be reproduced on the walls of the Alhambra."

"It may be so," said Angelo, "for the Arabians were a very scholarly people. An Oriental poet has written, it would almost seem, of this very palace:

> "'The fire is quenched on the dear hearthstone,
> But it burns again in the tulips brave!'

and of the hyacinth:

> "'All day the rain
> Bathed the dark hyacinths in vain;
> The blood may pour from morn till night,
> Nor wash the pretty Indians white.'"

"Of all Oriental flowers," said Tib, "hyacinths and tulips are to me the most suggestively Moorish, on account of their elegant shape, so like the outline of an Arabian arch; and do not these violets remind you of the sweet, dusky faces of the houris who once wandered among cypresses and citrons of this garden?"

"It is of no use," grumbled Winnie to herself, "to obligingly keep out of their way; their are quite unappreciative of my consideration," and she called to them from her

post of observation to come and see among the intricate arabesques of the Hall of the Two Sisters some long lines of Cufic inscriptions running in banderoles about cornice and dado, which seemed to confirm Tib's theory that the decorators of the Alhambra were scribes and illuminators and not weavers or embroiderers.

On referring to a description of the palace written by its restorer, Señor Rafael Contreras, they found that many of these were quotations from the Koran, strangely similar to texts in our own Scriptures.

Everywhere they found the motto of Iben l'Ahmar, who began the Alhambra in the middle of the thirteenth century, "God is the only conqueror." It is said that when he returned from a victorious campaign his subjects saluted him as "The Conqueror," and he replied in these words, which he ordered to be inscribed in every apartment of the palace. Other sentences which Tib found repeated were: "God is our refuge in every trouble," "The glory of the empire belongs to God," "Be not one of the negligent," "From the heart springs all the energy of soul and life." On one of the walls of the

Salon of the Two Sisters she discovered, "Look attentively at my elegance; thou wilt reap the benefit of a commentary on decoration," and elsewhere the noble utterance, "How miserable and contracted were our life were not our hope so spacious and extensive!"

"This reminds me," said Angelo, "of that other Oriental palace, with its noble inscription:

"'"I read on the porch of a palace bold
In a purple tablet letters cast--
"A house though a million winters old,
A house of earth comes down at last.
Then quarry thy stones from the crystal *All*,
And build the dome that shall not fall."'"

One day Angelo came up the long hill from the lower city with his face shining with boyish pleasure. "I have found a treasure," he exclaimed—"a whole mine of treasures! You must take a walk with me this afternoon and see for yourselves."

He had come back from the Zacatin, having made a remarkable acquaintance—a Moor of Tetuan who made an annual pilgrimage through Spain selling Oriental articles. His bazaar was a most seductive

place; and, venerable spider that he was, he knew how to spread his web for flies with appreciative eyes and gold-lined pockets.

He opened for them musky packages of gold and silver tissue from the looms of Fez, a bale of silk from Genoa, or a box of sequins and bangles. Winnie looked longingly at costumes and strips of marvelous embroidery, haiks of shimmering green and silver, and caftans of vivid rose, while Tib lingered over the brazen lamps and the damascened blade of a Moorish scimiter.

The merchant grew confidential when he learned that they were Americans. He had been to America to the World's Fair at Chicago and had held a little bazaar in the Midway Plaisance. "I am not a true Moor," he confessed, "but a Hebrew who has lived long in that country. The Spanish love the Hebrews as little, even less, than they do the Moors, and so while I am in this country I wear the turban. I have no country; I am a citizen of the world."

"Is it possible," Winnie asked, "that in your travels you have been to Cuba?"

A swift look of interrogation passed over the man's face.

"It is possible," he replied. "I entered the United States at New Orleans. The ship had touched at several islands on the way. What more natural? Cuba may have been one."

"Then you did not stay long enough to make any acquaintances?"

"Ah, no! A wretched country, and poor as poverty; no rich people to buy my works of art, like the Americans. But I met some Cubans that were my fellow-passengers on the ship, flying from the country to the United States. There was one noble young man in whom I was greatly interested."

Tib and Angelo were at a distance, deeply engrossed over some curios, and Winnie asked in a low voice, "Was it Hilario Lopez?"

"I will tell you in a moment," the man replied; and he stepped into a room at the back of the bazaar. There was a little delay, and a younger Moor in turban and voluminous draperies swept into the bazaar. "Can I show you something for my employer?" he asked; and Winnie, who would never have recognized him in his present disguise if he had not spoken, was startled by the voice, and asked, "Is it possible—that you are here?"

"Yes," he replied, "and that means that I have failed, and must leave Spain. I hoped to meet a priest here, but he has not come to me, and I do not know how much longer I can remain in concealment."

"It was Father Tolo," Winnie replied, "and he is in Granada. I will see him and tell him that you are waiting."

The young man bowed deeply, and stepped into the inner room, the proprietor coming forward to meet other customers who had entered. "It will be as well," he said to Winnie, "for you not to come again; the air is full of spies."

As the girls left the shop they came upon Mr. and Mrs. Smith walking with a whiskered Spanish officer.

Mr. Smith was radiant with pleasure. "I want to introduce you to my daughter," he said to his companion. "Tib, my dear, this is that very kind Mr. Sleeping-Car who was so good as to pick us up in Cartagena and bring us to Toledo."

"I think you must have made a mistake in the name, Father," Tib answered, smiling.

"Very likely," the good man replied. "*Cardozer*, is it? Oh, certainly! I thought I

surely would remember that name by thinking of a man who goes to sleep in the cars. Well, I wasn't very far wrong, after all."

As Tib studied the man's face it seemed to her strangely familiar. Where had she seen him before? Winnie would have recognized the sergeant of Montjuich who had interrupted their sketching, but she had walked on with Angelo, for the sidewalk was narrow, and the sergeant made no allusion to any previous meeting.

Although she could not explain to herself the reason, Tib was unpleasantly impressed by the man and drew her father away. She was troubled when Mr. Smith said that he had invited him to call, and was relieved when several days passed without an acceptance of the invitation.

Even such a paradise as the Alhambra has been the scene of tragedy and death; and as Winnie and Tib were seated one day in the beautiful Court of Myrtles, Mr. Smith, who was reading a batch of American papers, uttered an exclamation of dismay.

"What is it, Father?" Tib asked anxiously.

"Was not your friend Stacey Fitz Simmons the son of the old Commodore?"

"Yes, Father."

"Then, my dear, it is possible—it is feared —that he was on the *Maine* when the explosion occurred."

"Oh, Father, it cannot be! Poor Milly! That magnificent fellow! No, it is too cruel."

"Nothing is too cruel in war, my child. Every one of those two hundred and fifty men was somebody's Stacey. Read for yourself——" And the girls read:

It is now certain that the son of Commodore Fitz Simmons, who was sent south on a special mission, was on the *Maine* on the night of the 15th. He has not been identified among the survivors. The utmost sympathy is felt for his family.

CHAPTER XIII.

WITH THE GYPSIES.

God sent the gypsies wandering,
In punishment because they sheltered not
Our Lady and Saint Joseph, and no doubt
Stole the small ass they fled with into Egypt.
—GEORGE ELIOT.

NOT long after their arrival in Granada Winnie and Tib, escorted by Angelo, had taken a walk in the old Moorish quarter, where the architecture has been little changed since the conquest, and visited several old houses with interior courts, over hanging wooden balconies, and fine horse-shoe arches. This part of the city is now occupied by the poorer class, and is dilapidation contrasted

with ancient grandeur. Facing the street a Moorish window of beautiful shape was blocked by a gaudy picture of the Assumption of the Virgin, a lantern swaying in front doing double duty as an offering of devotion and an insufficient attempt at street-lighting. Winding in and out through the dirty streets, they came suddenly upon an open esplanade on the summit of a hill, and obtained a fine view of the Alhambra towers just across the river. They had been attended in their progress through this part of the city by an ever-increasing retinue of gypsy boys, who followed them not so much to beg as to scoff at their strange foreign dress and language. They were in the gypsy quarter, and were standing on the cliffs fronting the river, which are pierced with caverns of great antiquity. They zigzagged down the narrow footpaths which scaled the face of the cliffs like so many ladders, and were surprised and almost alarmed at the extent of this cave city—a settlement which numbers five thousand souls. The children scrambled down by shorter and steeper parts; more started up at every turn in their path shrieking, making faces, shaking their grimy fists,

and even throwing stones. As a missile whistled by them an old gypsy hag started up in their path, and with horrible contortions of countenance threw another stone upward, not at the girls, but at the advance guard of their persecutors, and the tribe of little brigands scattered as before the arm of the law.

Thanking their preserver, they crept on downward, peeping curiously into the open mouths of the caverns—some of them blacksmith shops lit up by lurid torches; others, still more diabolical, from whence proceeded unchristian odors and uncouth sounds accompanying the branding and singeing of mules. Here a galliard gypsy in gorgeous costume of green velvet jacket and crimson sash, with black knee-breeches decked with silver buttons, and embroidered leather spatterdashes, was brandishing an enormous pair of shears—a formidable weapon indeed, were he not peacefully inclined, but with which he was now artistically clipping a donkey, decorating the animal's sides with a fancy arabesque cut in the hair, and giving a delicate finish to his tassel-pointed tail. Everywhere gypsies and donkeys, horses and mules—for they are con-

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GYPSY CAVES.—By Fortuny.

fined to such brute companionship, and are only allowed to exercise the trades of jockeys, blacksmiths, clippers, horse dealers, horse doctors, and, it is to be feared, horse thieves as well. Tib remembered George Borrow's exciting accounts of adventures with this evil people when he was a colporteur in Spain : of the hatred they bear the Christian, of crimes and heathenish rites, of trickery and theft, of Gil Blas-like encounters and escapades; and his own wild rides through wilder regions with the gypsy Antonio, when selling the Bible made Borrow also an outlaw, grateful for the companionship and hospitality of the cutthroat and horse-thief. She thought of the blessing of the fortune-teller, accompanied always with a muttered curse in gypsy dialect, and of their skill as poisoners.

A yet wilder gypsy with long black locks sat on the floor of the clipper's cave, holding in his arms a black poodle which he had brought to be sheared. Winnie noticed the dog, and stepped in to pat it on the head, but Tib saw with alarm that the man regarded her with intense earnestness and grew more and more excited as he heard her speak. There was something uncanny, too, in the squinting

leer of the gayly dressed clipper, and, lit by the red light of the blacksmith's forge in the corner, the long clipping shears thrust carelessly in his girdle had an unattractive look.

"Winnie, Winnie," she called from without the cave, "hurry; let us leave this place while we can."

The man turned as she spoke, his face lighted by a good-humored smile, and Tib saw that it was their friend Nagy Pal, whom they had last seen at Toledo. He led them to his own cave, where his wife insisted that they should take a cup of chocolate with some odd cakes. The place was clean and not unpicturesque; gayly striped blankets covered the couches, and a little cupboard filled with gaudily painted pottery stood against the wall.

"Where are your serpents?" Tib asked of Mrs. Nagy Pal, for she had an uncomfortable feeling that one of her pets might glide out from under the draperies.

"We keep our animals in another cave," the serpent charmer replied. "We held an exhibition in the city, and are going on soon to the land of the Moors."

"I think we saw your van in the valley," Winnie remarked.

"No," replied Nagy Pal, "that is a new traveling wagon which my sister had made, thinking to travel with us to the land of the Moors; but she is ill and cannot go, and the wretched Busné, who made the van, will not take it back. We are trying to sell it for her, and then we will be gone. Would you like to see it? You might like it to make excursions in about the country. One is very comfortable in those vehicles, and one saves the expense of inns, for one can camp wherever night overtakes one."

He led them down the hill to where the van was standing. It was a little house, sweet and clean as new boards and fresh paint could make it, for it had never been used. There were muslin curtains in the little windows, a tiny cookstove, and lockers for supplies.

"I have always thought I would like to take a trip in one of these things," Winnie said, "but it would not be large enough for our party."

Nagy Pal showed them a tent strapped on the roof. "That makes another house," he said; "in the two you could lodge twelve people."

"It is fascinating," said Tib, "but I fear that it is impracticable. What a handsome boy that is! I wonder if he would pose for me."

"Only too gladly, Señorita," the boy replied; "I have posed for many of the artists. My uncle was Mariano, Fortuny's favorite model."

"Come to the Hotel de los Siete Suelos to-morrow, immediately after breakfast, and we will see what I can do from you."

Pepé, for this was the boy's name, came frequently, and made himself useful in many ways, carrying the sketching outfit and running errands when Antonio was not at hand. That worthy was often absent, seeming to have some mysterious business of his own to attend to. Winnie fancied that he might be courting one of the pretty Spanish girls in the neighborhood, a charge which he did not deny.

One morning after their meeting with Hilario Lopez the girls sketched at the Generalife or summer palace of the Moors. It occupies an eminence overlooking the Alhambra, and was the Moors' country villa, where there was always some soft, cool breeze when

the air lay baked and lifeless in Granada. The gardens of the Generalife are enchantment itself. An avenue leading to the palace is shaded by oleander trees, each shrub a bouquet of rockets, each blossom a rose in loveliness. Here too are fuchsias, climbing roses, and carnations, while the box grows tall and hedgelike and is cut in fantastic forms. Here are fragile arbors of cane where the Moors took their coffee, lulled by the sound of the fountains. The ornamentation is simpler than that of the Alhambra. It was only a mountain resort, at first the property of the architect of the Alhambra, and there is no display of magnificence. The proportions, however, are characterized by extreme elegance and airy grace. The stream which runs through the gardens, filling the place with its sweet jargoning, is the infant Darro, which swells to a river when it weds the Xenil in the valley. Winnie was sure that here a musical composer might find in the gurgle, the plash, the ripple, and drip of the multitudinous waters inspiration for an Undine symphony.

Pepé posed badly that morning, but he recited for their benefit some verses which

had been taught him by some Sisters of Charity who held a sort of mission Sunday-school in an old church near the gypsy quarter. One of these, a very simple Christmas carol, might be translated as follows:

"He was born in a hovel
Of spider webs full:
Beside him there grovel
An ox and a mule;
And King Melchior bade
To honor the day,
And that none might be sad
The musicians should play.

"I'm a poor little gypsy
From over the sea,
I bring him a chicken
That cries "quir-i-qui";
For each of us, sure,
Should offer his part;
Be you ever so poor,
You can give him your heart.

"Good-night, Father Joseph:
Madonna so mild,
We leave with regret
Your adorable child,
With the crown on his locks,
The symbol of rule:
Sleep in peace, Señor Ox!
God bless you, Sir Mule!"

These naïve verses reminded the girls of the childlike faith of Father Tolo. The

convent in which he was a visitor was not far distant, and the idea occurred to Tib to send Pepé with a note asking the good priest to meet them here. It was most fortunate that she sent this note by the trusty little Pepé instead of by the perfidious Antonio, for she unguardedly stated in it that the object of the interview was to consult with him about someone in whom they were mutually interested. As it happened, Antonio was at that moment conferring with Sergeant Cardoza in reference to the same person, Hilario Lopez. The sergeant had followed his movements from the time that he had left Cordova; the detective had hoped to overtake Lopez in Madrid, but had arrived there only in time to learn that he had gone to Granada. That he was hiding here Cardoza was sure, but just where he had not yet discovered. He had kept Father Tolo under strict espionage, and the latter, discovering that he was watched, had not ventured to hold any communication with Hilario or to call upon his American friends.

On this particular morning the astute Father Tolo, as he took his early walk outside the convent, noticed that the man who

had dogged his heels for several days was seated as usual on a bench under a clump of olive trees at a little distance from the convent gate. Apparently, however, he had not noticed Father Tolo's approach, for he seemed deeply absorbed in a newspaper, and the priest slipped adroitly around a corner of the convent, and, peering back from his point of vantage, was sure that he had not been observed, for the sergeant presently folded up his paper and paced impatiently up and down, keeping the convent gate continually in view. "Cat, the mouse is out of his hole," said Father Tolo to himself, and then he observed something which struck him as peculiar. The detective was joined by Antonio, the courier of his American friends. "Ah, serpents!" hissed Father Tolo, "what would I give to hear your conversation; but I dare not venture so near. Of one thing I am sure, it means no good to your employers, base Antonio—and I will warn them to discharge you at once."

He picked his way down the rocky hill, avoiding the road which lay white and glistening in full view of the vedettes in the olive grove, and as he walked he noticed

Winnie's gypsy model coming toward him from the Generalife. The boy presently approached him and asked if he was from the convent on the hill, as he had a letter for Father Bartolomeo of St. Juan de Kampoua, who was now a guest of the monastery.

Father Tolo read the letter and looked at the boy attentively. "The lady who wrote this calls you a 'trusty messenger.' Do you deserve that praise?"

"Try me," replied Pepé, straightening himself proudly.

"Then slip around behind those two men and hear every word they say, and come to me at the Generalife and tell me what they are saying."

The boy stepped out and reconnoitered; then returning, he said: "One of them is Antonio. He kicked me the other day because the Señorita gave me a present. I will listen; they are doubtless a pair of thieves! Trust me," and with a grimace the little monkey scampered away.

As Father Tolo approached the Generalife he was overtaken by Angelo, who was also reading a newspaper. "My dear Father Tolo," he exclaimed, "have you heard the sad

news? The United States has declared war against Spain."

Father Tolo crossed himself. "Then our friends must leave the country at once, for it will now be very unpleasant, perhaps unsafe, for Americans to remain in Spain."

Father Tolo quickened his pace, and held a long and earnest conversation with Tib and Winnie. The conclusion arrived at was that Father Tolo should leave Granada that night, waiting for Hilario Lopez at the next railway station, where the girls were to tell the Cuban to meet him.

Pepé returned in a short time. He had listened well, and had heard the sergeant tell Antonio that war had been declared. "I shall arrest all these Americans," he said, "as soon as I find the Cuban; but it is most important that he should not slip through my fingers, and we must use them as decoys a little longer. From this time on do not leave them an instant out of your sight. You tell me that the suspect of Toledo is with them again. It may be that after all he is Hilario Lopez. There is one certain way to tell; look at his left wrist. If a serpent is tattooed around it, let me know instantly."

"There is no time to be lost," said Father Tolo. "Our ways part from this point. Personally we shall always be dear friends, but an evil chance has made our countries enemies. You must go to yours, Hilario to his. My lot is thrown in with mine. We would each despise the other if we were not loyal. This challenge from without will wipe away every petty quarrel within and unite all Spain. Yesterday we were Carlists, Royalists, Republicans; to-day we are all Spaniards. God grant the bond hold after the greater danger is over! Farewell, my beloved friends. I know not whether we shall ever meet again. You are of a different faith, but will you not receive my blessing?"

The girls knelt, while with lifted hand the kindly man repeated solemnly:

"Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, dona nobis pacem." (Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, grant us peace.)

The girls tied up their sketching materials and they returned to the hotel, where they talked over the situation with Mr. and Mrs. Smith. While they were holding their council the maid announced that a Moorish

peddler had brought some curios which he said the young ladies had purchased at his bazaar.

"What an impostor!" Winnie exclaimed; but Tib replied promptly, "He is quite right, show him up."

There was a soft footfall, a flutter of draperies, and Hilario Lopez entered in his Moorish disguise.

"We are all friends," said Tib, as she introduced him to the others and gave him Father Tolo's message.

"It is too late," the Cuban replied in despair. "I was tracked from the bazaar to this hotel. I am discovered, and am confident that I shall be arrested when I leave the door."

"You must change your costume," said Winnie quickly. "I bought a complete gypsy costume the other day to use in a picture; step into Angelo's room and put it on. Then go with Pepé, who is waiting in the courtyard below, to the gypsy caves, and hire a mule and ride to Father Tolo's rendezvous."

"A good idea for all of us to act upon," said Angelo. "The railroad station is prob-

ably watched; we are all suspected, and would be apprehended if we attempted to leave town. Why not hire or purchase that gypsy van which your friend Nagy Pal wishes to dispose of, and quietly slip off to Gibraltar by way of Ronda?"

All agreed that this was an excellent plan to be carried out immediately. They threw a few necessaries into handbags, and were about to descend and settle with the landlord, when there was a nervous tap upon the door, and Pepé entered, his eyes protruding with excitement.

"They are there," he said, "just outside the front door, waiting for you to come down to sieze you."

"Who are there?" Angelo asked.

"The hogs that I heard talking under the olive trees," said the boy impolitely, "and with the *aguazil* of this town. Ah! well I know him, for he took my father to the *cárcel* for the mere trifle of a glandered horse."

Hilario Lopez glided to the window and peered through a crevice in the shutters. "It is true," he said; "they are in force—we are trapped."

"Not at all," replied Pepé; "when the

front door is guarded flee out of the back door."

"But there is no door in the rear," replied Tib; "this hotel backs against the Tower of the Seven Stories, one of the outposts of the Alhambra."

"Well I know that," said Pepé. "Have I not entered by the Torre de los Siete Suelos many times? It opens into the hotel buttery, which is well stocked with good things; but from one of the stories there is an underground passage into the Alhambra. Every gypsy knows it. Come, I will show it to you."

He led them along an upper balcony at the side of the court into the tower, and, clearing away some bundles of straw, showed them a door which yielded to his shoulder.

"I told you so," said Pepé, dancing and grimacing in his glee.

"'I stole a plump and bonny fowl,
But, ere I well had dined,
The master came with scowl and growl
And me would captive bind.
My hat and mantle off I threw,
And scoured across the lea;
Then cried the fiend with loud halloo,
"Where does the gypsy flee?"'"

Angelo struck a match and they saw a narrow passage.

"It is light further on," said Pepé; "you will not need a lantern, and there is no fear of going wrong, for there is only one way to go."

"I think you can trust him," said Angelo to Tib. "I will join you a little later at Nagy Pal's, but I think I would better go back now and allay any suspicions that might arise if we all fled at once. I will pay our bills and arrange for the baggage to be sent on, and will follow as soon as possible. Do not wait for me after eight o'clock. I will try to be with you just after nightfall, but if I do not appear by moonrise, set out on your journey without me. I will join you at Ronda, or, failing that, at Gibraltar."

He kissed Tib tenderly. "God keep you!" she said, and followed the others, who had gone on, thinking that he was with them. He closed the door carefully, covering it with the straw, and returned to the little sitting-room which they had just left to find Antonio examining the Moorish robes which Hilario had worn and had thrown upon a chair.

"What are you doing here?" he asked

sternly. "Leave the room instantly. Keep your place better, or you will be discharged."

"The Señor may as well be more courteous," Antonio replied impudently; "there are others at the door who have the right to enter if I have not."

"Tell them to come in," Angelo replied, opening Tib's water-color box and mixing a little paint with assumed nonchalance. The instant that Antonio left the room he seized a brush and worked feverishly, *painting a serpent about his own wrist.* He had hardly finished it when Sergeant Cardoza and his companions entered the room. Angelo rose and greeted them politely, motioning them to chairs with a slightly interrogative expression. His object was to gain time, and this the sergeant apparently divined, for he brusquely began his questions:

"I must waive ceremony, Señor, for I am in pursuit of a fugitive from justice. Where is the man who entered this house a few moments ago dressed in this costume?"

"He left, Señor, almost immediately, having brought some curios that had been purchased at his bazaar——"

"But why did he leave his costume?"

"Because the young ladies who purchased his goods are artists, and could use it in their pictures."

"Pardon me, Señor, if I do not believe you. That young man has not left the house. We have kept a watch on the door ever since he entered, and there is no exit in the rear."

"If he has not left the house he is still in it. Antonio, call the landlord and explain that these gentlemen have the right of search."

"No explanation is necessary. The landlord is aware of our permission. We have a guard at the door, and Antonio will remain in this room with you until I return."

They clattered out of the room and thoroughly examined every apartment in the house, even penetrating into the tower in the rear, but not discovering the door to the secret passage. The sergeant returned baffled and angry. "Where are the Americans?" he asked.

"They went to the Generalife this morning with the intention of spending the day there sketching."

"That is true," said Antonio; "they took their luncheons: they will not return until night."

"Who are you?" asked the sergeant. "You are not from the United States. Give an account of yourself."

"I am an American, if not from the States, and I decline to answer your questions any further."

"You are an American from Cuba, perhaps. You are possibly the very man who just entered this house in that Oriental disguise."

Angelo shrugged his shoulders. "That is absurd! I have been living here openly; I have traveled without concealment through Spain."

"You have been watched; your manner of life was suspicious at Toledo; there have been mysterious absences and journeys just at the time when Lopez' whereabouts were known, and, on the contrary, you have only been *en évidence* when he could not be found. Show me your left wrist."

Angelo lifted his hand in a hesitating way, only exposing the lower part, but the ser-

geant rudely stripped it back, displaying the serpent.

Antonio's jaw fell with surprise. "Fool!" said the sergeant to him; "and you never discovered that! Señor Hilario Lopez, I have the honor to place you under arrest!"

CHAPTER XIV.

GIBRALTAR AND TANGIER.

England, we love thee better than we know,
And this I learned, when, after wanderings long
'Mid people of another stock and tongue,
I heard again thy martial music blow.
—TRENCH.

TIB and her friends waited in the gypsy cave until the time set by Angelo to join them had passed; and the gypsies having had time to complete their brief arrangements, they set out for Ronda in the following order:

Nagy Pal and his wife drove first, seated in front of their menagerie van, their camp equipage strapped on the roof. Then followed the new van containing the American

party, Mr. Smith wearing a long cloak and sombrero, holding the reins and looking, as Winnie told him, for all the world like a bandit and smuggler of the most disreputable class. Mrs. Smith and the girls, though their faces were partly hidden by bright cotton handkerchiefs used instead of sunbonnets, during the greater part of the trip remained prudently inside the van. Hilario Lopez bade them a grateful farewell and, mounted on a borrowed mule, with Pépé trudging at his side to bring it back, set out in another direction to meet Father Tolo. He was still in the galliard gypsy costume depicted at the head of Chapter XII., and no one would have recognized him, had a watch been kept. But the night was overcast, and no one saw the gypsies take to the road. Indeed, so confident and triumphant was Sergeant Cardoza that he had made a successful seizure, that the Americans sank to minor importance, and he devoted himself to seeing that the prison in which Angelo was confined was securely guarded, and simply enjoined upon the innkeeper not to allow his guests to leave the hotel until the sergeant's return, when he would search and question them. Antonio

was left to watch them, and that worthy passed a very uncomfortable night waiting for their return. He consoled himself by making an inspection of their baggage previous to that of the detective, and by confiscating such articles as he fancied for his own private use, although they could hardly have been regarded as contraband of war.

On bidding Tib good-by Hilario Lopez looked very grave.

"I fear for the safety of your friend, the Señor Zanelli," he said ; " but Father Tolo will keep me informed, and if we learn that he is in trouble for my sake, I will go to him and give myself up."

"You need have no fears," Winnie replied encouragingly. "I happen to know that Angelo has no desire to get himself killed, but an exceedingly good reason for keeping out of harm's way. He promised to join us in Ronda or Gibraltar, and I never knew him to fail to keep a promise."

What a wierd, strange ride it was ! They followed the river Xenil all that night and just at daybreak saw Loja, the outpost town called the Key of Granada, in the distance, and carefully avoiding it climbed up into the

wild Sierra Nevada. The road was rough and little frequented, and they stopped for breakfast on a rocky spur giving a grand view of all the country to the north. They made their coffee at a campfire, and were quite comfortable, though the mountain air was chill as well as bracing. After a short rest they toiled on until nearly noon, when, in the shadow of a ruined Moorish watch-tower, they unharnessed their horses and settled themselves for their siesta. They tried to imagine the feelings of Boabdil and his vanquished army as they retreated from Granada over this very route, of the Prince's tears on seeing the banner of Santiago floating from the towers of the Alhambra, and of the reproach of his proud mother—"Thou dost well to weep like a woman for that which thou hast not defended like a man!"

Boabdil was allowed to remain in a little retreat in the Alpujarras, but he wearied of this exile, and crossing into Africa settled in Fez, where Moors are found to-day who claim that they are descended from him and who possess keys and maps to possessions in Granada which they threaten some day to return and claim.

Through the most picturesque mountain scenery the two gypsy vans pursued their way, arriving on the third day at Ronda, the most pictorial mountain city of Spain. It is situated on both sides of a wildly romantic gorge spanned by a wonderful stone-arched bridge three hundred feet above the torrent. The houses on both sides of the chasm were chalky white; those in the Moorish town, where they stopped, were very old, and only one story in height, with few windows, and those were grated.

Nagy Pal gave an exhibition of his dogs and his wife of her serpents, but the Americans showed themselves little in the town, taking long walks to the old mills, caves, and Moorish baths in the neighborhood. They remained several days at Ronda, but had no news from Angelo, and journeyed on when Nagy Pal was ready toward Gibraltar, a two-days' trip from Ronda. The first part of the way the road scrambled up and down mountains and along precipices. It has been called a road made by the Evil One in a hanging Garden of Eden. They preferred to walk the greater part of the journey, and they met few travelers. Once a group of *carabineros*,

or police, stepped out from behind a rock and ordered them to halt, and their hearts were in their mouths, for they feared that they were to be arrested, but the men were merely looking for smugglers, and convinced by inspection that they had nothing contraband in their wagons, they were allowed to continue their journey. They camped at Guacin for the night and descended the last incline to the pretty river Guadiaro; and from this point the scenery changed, and they drove through pleasant groves of cork trees and chestnuts and over good level roads into San Roque, the summer residence of the families of the officers in garrison at Gibraltar. How delightful it was to see blond-headed English babies propelled in English perambulators by trim English maids, with adoring Tommy Atkinses in attendance, and English ladies and gentlemen on horseback riding in and out of the pretty villa gates. They made as careful toilets as they could within their traveling carriage, and, stopping at the country house of the American Consul, explained the situation to him and were taken under his protection. Though still on Spanish soil they felt when they passed under the shield bearing the

Stars and Stripes that they were safe at home. Here too they dismissed Nagy Pal, paying him well for the use of his traveling wagon. Their good friend was sorry to part with them; he intended to make a short trip in Morocco, and hoped to see them again there. Our travelers secured an Irish jaunting car to take them inside the fortifications, and were more and more impressed as they drove onward with the immense strength of the fortress and the shrewdness of England in securing this important position. It is, as Burke said, "a post of power, a post of superiority, of connection, of commerce; one which makes England valuable to her friends and dreadful to her enemies."

The resemblance of the grand outlines of "The Rock" to the figure of a lion has often been remarked. But the English life, though predominant, is not the only life of the place.

"The Rock of Gibraltar impresses me," said Winnie, "as if it had crumbled away from old England, and drifted to the Mediterranean to become the meeting place of every nation of the Old World."

"And I am reminded of the Day of Pentecost," added Tib, "for we hear every man

speak in his own tongue, 'Parthians and Medes and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia and in Judea and Cappadocia, in Pontus and Asia, in Egypt, Cretes and Arabians and strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes.'"

The Biblical catalogue was not far wrong, for in the afternoon, as they sat on the hotel balcony watching the motley groups which loitered through the narrow street, they noted first a knot of Spanish ladies with veils and fans, then a noble-looking Moor followed by a negro servant, and next a band of Highland bagpipers, playing gayly "The Campbells Are Coming," tramped sturdily by in plaid and kilt with naked knees. After that they counted a gypsy, two Jews, and four English soldiers in uniforms of scarlet and gold, one humming carelessly—what but "Annie Laurie"!

The Moors were robed in snowy, fluttering garments, and presented a dignified appearance. The Jews, on the contrary, in dressing-gowns and cotton drawers, with heel-trodden slippers falling from their stockingless feet, were shabby and repulsive. Winnie dubbed their costume "a steamer disaster dress," and

asserted that they seemed to her to have rushed suddenly and unclothed upon deck at the announcement of fire or some other urgent peril.

They were disappointed to find no word awaiting them from Angelo, and they determined to make the waiting time seem shorter by making a little excursion of two or three days across the straits into Morocco.

They found Tangier a domed and minaretted Oriental city built upon the side of a hill, down which its white-walled terraces stepped to the sea. In its narrow streets they were jostled by Moors, negroes, and the panniers of donkeys. Up a detestable cobble-paved alley, which proved to be the principal street of the city, they plodded, now catching a glimpse of the campanile of the Djmah, dazzling in its sheath of malachite-tinted tiles, and now peering into the mysterious interior of a mosque. Here they ran the gantlet of the bazaars. Rugs from Tunis and Bagdad, long Kabyle rifles, saddles and trappings of the gayest colors, highly colored glazed pottery, pipes and jewelry; brass salvers of every size, reflecting the sunlight like polished shields, and incised with magical patterns;

bangles and amulets, perfumes, fruits, silver-shot gauzes, and scimiters with carved blades and jeweled handles—all were displayed in tempting profusion. Their rooms at the hotel gave a prospect of white-terraced roofs, and away to the east the tawny range of sand-hills which end in the peak of Tetuan, where Fortuny painted his great picture of the Battle of Wad Ras, the first painting which they had looked upon in Spain.

They looked forward to their first supper with a little apprehension, for they had heard much of the horrible messes of the Moors, of meats stewed in perfumes, fish served with pomatum, of ragouts flavored with shaving soap and frangipani. But the Moorish menu served them was not unpalatable, and they pronounced partridges stuffed with olives, chestnuts, and raisins; fritters with a filling resembling mince pie, and sponge cakes soaked in milk and sprinkled with grated almonds sufficiently endurable. The hand washing with orange-flower water after every course was an innovation certainly, but not a disagreeable one, while the dessert of candied sweetmeats, melons, and large almond-shaped

white grapes was supplemented with genuine Arabian coffee and tea prepared in the Moorish style. The Soudanese waiter first placed a quantity of green tea in a tiny kettle, then filled it with lumps of loaf sugar, pouring on as much boiling water as the sugar would absorb; then he added a dust of verbena, and served the syrup in tiny tumblers of Bohemian glass.

"This dinner only needs one thing to make it perfect," said Mrs. Smith.

"I know what," exclaimed her husband—"serafina celestials."

Mrs. Smith nodded, and then the story of Angelo's devotion and Mr. Smith's change of heart as exemplified by custards was told, and Mr. Smith acknowledged himself to have been an unconscious tyrant. Mr. Smith went out with Winnie, who wished to see something of the life of the city in the evening, and Tib crept close to her mother.

"I was not thinking of custards when I spoke just now," said the little woman.

"I know, I know," replied her daughter; "you meant Angelo. I am afraid he is in danger, though father says he does not see how that can be when he has his passport to

prove that he is an Italian. But I have been thinking all day of Regnault, who painted here so gloriously, and who died for his country in his early manhood, just happily betrothed, and with France so proud of him, with a future of fame and happiness before him. I have been thinking of Milly too, and wondering why I should be so happy while she is called upon to give up Stacey for his country," and Tib bowed her head upon her mother's shoulder and broke down utterly.

"Leave all the future to your Heavenly Father," said the little woman, "and do not try to bear burdens until they are laid upon you—simply trust him where you cannot see the way. Perhaps you will see that he has some other way for you to serve him when the clouds lift."

And the clouds did lift on their return to Gibraltar, for there on the pier waiting to receive them was Angelo.

"I have had a very narrow escape," he said, as he told them of the experiences following his arrest. "Do you know that I owe my life to your Spanish friend, Don Juan Perez de Silva?"

"When he heard that Hilario Lopez was

apprehended, he immediately offered his testimony in identifying the prisoner, as he was one of the very few in Spain who had seen Lopez lately. When I was brought into his presence I had my eyes fixed on his face, and I noticed that he stared straight at my collar and never looked at my face at all, and so took his oath that he saw no resemblance whatever between the accused and Hilario Lopez. I showed my wrist, from which I had washed the India-ink imitation of tattooing, and it was assumed that Sergeant Cardoza had lied, and my Italian passport did the rest, but it was really Don Juan's testimony that cleared me. And now comes the singular part of it. After I was acquitted he did look at me, and a more astonished man I never saw in all my life.

"He came to me afterward, and said, 'So you are really not Hilario Lopez, after all?'

"'You have just sworn to that statement, my dear Señor,' I replied; and then I told him what I had known of the Cuban, and how it happened that I had been arrested in his place, and it came out that the dear old Don had actually determined to save Lopez' life and had crept around actual perjury by

not looking at my face when he said he saw no resemblance. He was inclined to think at first that Nuestra Señora de la Merced, who takes captives under her special care, had performed a miracle and changed Hilario Lopez into another man in order to preserve him from perjury. He helped me still further in getting me away, and told me to tell Winnie that he had done this entirely because she, not Van, had taken such an interest in this man, and he wanted her to know that he had done it for her sake."

"And to think," said Winnie, "that we must call such men as Don Juan and Father Tolo our enemies!"

"I have just read," said Tib, "this very noble prayer before battle by Rudyard Kipling, written, it would seem, especially for us at this time:

"'HYMN BEFORE ACTION.

"'The earth is full of anger,
The seas are dark with wrath;
The nations in their harness
Go up against our path;
Ere yet we loose the legions,
Ere yet we draw the blade,
Jehovah of the Thunders,
Lord, God of Battles, aid!

"'For those who kneel beside us,
At altars not Thine own,
Who lack the lights that guide us,
Lord, let their faith atone.
If wrong we did to call them,
By honor bound they came;
Let not Thy wrath befall them,
But deal to us the blame."

The day held another great cause for rejoicing. Winnie received a letter from Van, which they had agreed should be sent to Gibraltar, as they had decided that this would be their last stop in Spain.

Van wrote from Havana, where he had joined the Red Cross. "You will be surprised," he said, "to hear that one of my first patients was Stacey Fitz Simmons. He had come to Cuba on a peaceful scientific errand, and was studying the harbor defenses. He had read old documents in the Spanish archives of a subterranean passage about two miles long and eight feet wide between the Navy Yard and Castillo del Principe. On approaching General Blanco in regard to it the general assured him that no such passages were known to the present authorities or to anyone who had been in power for years past. He was, however, given permis-

sion to explore, and on the afternoon of the 15th he discovered a door in a lower casemate of the castle which had been built up with huge stones and was covered with rubbish. He engaged a mason to open this for him, and, finding that there was some sort of a subterranean gallery, descended into it with a lantern late that evening. That night the ship was blown up, and in the excitement that followed the incident of Stacey's explorations was forgotten and might never have occurred to anyone had not the mason become anxious for his pay and besieged the officers at the fort to know what had become of the young engineer. At first it was supposed that he had gone on board the *Maine* and had perished, but the guards at the entrance of the castle declaring that he had not left it that afternoon, the underground gallery was searched, and he was found unconscious, half buried by earth which had fallen from the roof with the shock of the explosion. He was taken to the house of a Spaniard in the vicinity of the fort and very kindly nursed and cared for. As he did not belong to the crew of the *Maine* he was not reported among the sur-

vivors; and for a long time he was too ill to communicate with his family. He did not mend rapidly, and when able to express his own desires requested to be removed to the hospital of the Red Cross, where I found him; and had the pleasure of telegraphing the joyful news of his discovery and his convalescence to his parents and to Milly Roseveldt."

"It is all too good to be true," said Tib. "I can trust now for the future, since through such dangers we are all still spared to one another."

Angelo now begged Tib to return to Venice, marry him in the Palazzo Zanelli, and live there with her father and mother until the war between the United States and Spain was over.

"I don't like the plan," said Mr. Smith. "I'm an American myself, and so is mother, and we are not going to desert our country, now it's in trouble, to live in any palaces. But Tib shall do as she likes, and if she feels like saying 'Thy people shall be my people,' why, I have nothing to say except that I never did believe in these foreign marriages."

Tib looked from her father to her lover

with trouble in her eyes. Angelo saw it and whispered, "Would you rather it were I who said it?"

"Yes, Angelo, while my country needs us."

"Then, dear, 'Thy people shall be my people,' and I will go with you, and we will all take the Red Cross together. It was no nobler one that my ancestor took under the old Doge Enrico Dandolo, in the Cathedral of St. Mark's, when he followed his leader to that other crusade. You will change now that little silver cross which you and Winnie and Milly have worn as King's Daughters for the red one, will you not?"

"No," said Winnie, "we will never cease to be King's Daughters, or give up the silver cross; but we will superimpose the red cross upon it. Surely Mrs. Utter's beautiful description of our order was never more exact than now, that we take this new commission, this new work:

"THE KING'S DAUGHTER.

"She wears no jewel upon hand or brow,
No badge by which she may be known of men;
But though she walks in plain attire now

She is the daughter of the King; and when
Her Father calls her at his throne to wait
She shall be clothed as doth befit her state.

" Her Father sent her in his land to dwell,
Giving to her a work that must be done;
And since the King loves all his people well,
Therefore she, too, cares for them every one.
Thus, when she stoops to lift from want and sin,
The brighter shines her royalty therein.

" She walks erect through dangers manifold,
While many sink and faint on either hand;
She dreads not summer's heat, nor winter's cold,
For both are subject to the King's command.
She need not be afraid of anything,
Because she is a daughter of the King.

" Even when the angel comes that men call Death,
And name with terror, it appalls not her;
She turns to look at him with quickened breath,
Thinking 'It is the royal messenger.'
Her heart rejoices that her Father calls
Her back to live within his palace walls.

" For though the land she dwells in is most fair,
Set round with streams like picture in its frame,
Yet often in her heart deep longings are
For that imperial palace whence she came,
Not perfect quite seems any earthly thing,
Because she is a daughter of the King."

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